

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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## THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

THE interview between the French and Russian Emperors at Nice, if not an important event, is at least, in the present dull season, an interesting incident. It is quite true that Nice is not Tilsit, that 1864 is not 1806, and that the Napoleon and Alexander of the present day are not the Napoleon and Alexander who, at the beginning of the century, formed a scheme for the settlement of the Eastern question and the partition of Europe. But the nephews of the two intimate allies of fifty-eight years since would probably have no objection to renew the projects of their uncles if there were any

chance of their being able to carry them out; and, however this may be, the fact of their having met at all—the fact that they are able to meet and to offer and receive civilities—is in itself remarkable when we consider how short a time has elapsed since Prince Gortschakoff and M. Drouyn de Lhuys were exchanging diplomatic stabs of the most savage description. It was Poland, that fertile source of quarrels, that caused the bad feeling; and now that Poland is no longer worth quarrelling about, there is no reason why this bad feeling should any longer be entertained. It is curious to reflect that a detachment of those very Zouaves who were to have done such

wonders last autumn, or, at the very latest, this spring, in the way of liberating Poland, should, only a few days ago, have served as a guard of honour to the Emperor and Empress of Russia while their Majesties were being entertained by the Liberator himself. If trust is not to be put in Princes when they make fair promises, it must be admitted, on the other hand, that their threats of vengeance may also be often disregarded. We all thought last year that France would stand by Poland to the last, and that if Russia refused positively to listen to France's remonstrances, the consequences would be something awful. But the French Emperor can



MR. BARON MARTIN PUTTING ON THE BLACK CAP PREVIOUSLY TO PASSING SENTENCE ON MULLER.



Following Mr. Lee's evidence, one or two experts in the hat trade were produced to give evidence respecting the cutting down of the hat, which was so important a link in the evidence for the prosecution, but it produced no important result either one way or the other. The hatters contradicted each other, one admitting that the cutting down operation might have been performed by a person "in the trade," whilst another repudiated it as "scamping work," and quite inadmissible in the regular mode of doing business. Both, however, thought that it might have been done in compliance with a recent change in the fashion, and that a hatter having a stock of high-crowned hats on hand might cut them down to the present mode, and sell them in the ordinary way of business. Next came the alibi, about which so much previous curiosity had been excited, and upon which the hopes of the defence mainly rested. A miserable old woman, the keeper of a lodging-house for "ladies who received gentlemen," was put up in the box to avow in the face of the world her participation in a trade of which even she evidently felt ashamed. Her evidence was clear and collected, and it was admitted when she went down that the counsel for the Crown had "made nothing out of her" by a most searching, but still gentlemanly and forbearing, cross-examination. "Miss Eldred, the female 'friend' of Müller, had lived with her at Stanley Cottage, Brixton. She (the witness) remembered the 9th of July well, because on that day her lodger received a telegram from another 'friend,' and it was on the telegram evening that 'Mr. Miller' called. She fixed the hour of his visit, because Miss Eldred, whom he came to see, left home at 4



# Foreign Intelligence.

## FRANCE.

The visit of the Emperor Napoleon to the Czar, at Nice, was limited to one day. On Saturday the Emperor set out on his return, stopping at Toulon to inspect the squadron and at Lyons to review the troops. On Sunday he was at Marseilles, and on Monday evening he returned to St. Cloud.

Several Algerian tribes are reported to have made their submission to the French, but the insurrection is not altogether at an end; for it is added that several columns are to take the offensive about the 5th inst., to make simultaneous attacks upon the insurgents of the south from different sides, and thus to cut off their retreat. This plan is expected to produce decisive results.

## ITALY.

King Victor Emmanuel, being convinced of the necessity for great economy in the public administration, and desirous of co-operating personally in the task which the Ministry have to encounter, has spontaneously renounced three millions and a half of his civil list in favour of the State.

The Committee of the Chamber of Deputies have pronounced in favour of the Convention and of the transfer of the capital to Florence.

Intelligence received from Venetia represents the movement of the armed bands in the province of Udine as having now dwindled down to "comparative" insignificance. It is stated that an attempt had been made to induce Garibaldi to join the movement by promising one of his sons. Several journals have been seized for publishing a proclamation of a committee requesting assistance for Venetia.

The *Perseveranza* of Milan publishes a telegram from Rome, which states that the Pontifical troops, with the exception of the gendarmes, are to be disbanded. The *Opinione* of Turin, however, discussing this telegram, states that, according to its own information, Cardinal Antonelli has resolved upon not disbanding the Pontifical army, but intends transforming the troops of the line into gendarmes.

## AUSTRIA.

The reported resignation of Count Rechberg and the appointment of Count Mensdorff-Pouilly as his successor are confirmed. The new Foreign Minister is of liberal tendencies, and it is expected that a change will take place in the domestic as well as the foreign policy of Austria.

## GERMANY AND DENMARK.

The treaty of peace between Denmark and Austria and Prussia was signed in Vienna on Sunday afternoon. The ratification of the treaty will take place within three weeks, but the Prussian troops will only evacuate Jutland at the expiration of twenty-one days after that event, during which period Prussia will continue to retain all her former power in the province. It is asserted that the round sum to be paid by Denmark to satisfy the claims of the duchies on the public property will amount to 8,500,000 rigsdalers, and that she will also have to pay an indemnity for all the captured shipping.

The Danish Rigsraad has been convoked for the 5th of November (this day).

## GREECE.

The Greek National Assembly has closed its debate upon the new Constitution, and the draught has been read over and adopted. The members of the minority are believed likely to decline to sign the constitution. Various accounts report that a message of the King, urging the Assembly to complete its deliberations, has been received with satisfaction by the majority of the Greek people. It is added that there was some expectation that the minority of the Assembly might endeavour to stir up a revolt, but that measures had been taken to render such an attempt abortive.

## MEXICO.

Cortinas, the leader of the Liberal party in Mexico, has given in his adhesion to the Emperor Maximilian unconditionally. The Emperor was away in the interior, but was expected to return shortly to the capital.

## JAPAN.

The Allies have made a successful attack on Prince Nangato's forts, and the Japanese have, in consequence, agreed to open the Straits of Simonosaki.

## INDIA.

On the 5th ult. Calcutta was visited by a terrific hurricane, which inflicted great damage to the shipping in the river, and also to property on shore. The British India Company have lost five vessels by the tempest. Several of the mail steamers were driven on shore, and sustained damage. The Paris papers publish a telegram from Calcutta, giving the following details of the destruction caused by the hurricane:—"A hundred and ten ships were wrecked and 12,000 persons drowned. The total loss is estimated at 200,000,000. A great portion of the city was inundated, and the villages bordering on the river were under water."

## THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

### WAR NEWS.

Our advices from New York are to the evening of the 22nd ult. On the morning of the 19th Generals Longstreet and Early attacked and surprised General Sheridan's army, which was posted on the north bank of Cedar Creek, near Strasburg (and, during the absence of General Sheridan at Winchester, was under the command of General Wright), and drove it in confusion, with the loss of many prisoners, twenty-four cannon, and much other material, to Middletown, four miles distant. A pause in the conflict occurred, apparently on the part of the Confederates, to prepare for a final charge, during which General Sheridan arrived on the field. He immediately assumed the command, reorganised his scattered forces, repulsed the Confederate assault, countercharged with nearly his whole line, and after an obstinate contest forced back the Confederates beyond the lost ground and recaptured Strasburg. Darkness terminated the battle, and during the night the Confederates retired towards Woodstock. No official report of the killed and wounded upon either side had been published, but newspaper correspondents state the Federal loss at 5000. Sheridan claims to have captured 1600 prisoners and fifty guns, including those previously taken from his army by the Confederates. The Federal General Bidwell had been killed, and Generals Wright, Grover, and Ricketts wounded. The Confederate General Ramseur was wounded and captured, and had since died.

The Washington Government were urging on General Grant the necessity of obtaining some decided military success previous to the presidential election. Secretaries Stanton and Fessenden having visited the camp for the purpose. The General made an attempt against the Confederate works near the Darby Town Road, and his troops, amounting to two divisions, were repulsed with considerable loss. No further movements in the neighbourhood of Richmond and Petersburg had occurred.

Hood recaptured Resaca on the 12th and Dalton on the 14th, taking prisoners the entire Federal garrisons at both places and destroying large sections of the railway. On the 16th he occupied Lafayette. Sherman was reported following Hood, who had retreated southward. One corps of Sherman's army was at Lafayette. Southern despatches indicate that Hood was about to change his base of operations to North Alabama, where he would be joined by Beauregard, for the prosecution of the campaign against Huntsville, Alabama. Walker's trans-Mississippi division had crossed the river to reinforce General Hood.

Price was continuing his career in Missouri, and had captured Glasgow and several other places. Rosecranz and other Federal Generals were reported to be massing troops against him, but no action of importance had occurred. Great excitement existed in Kansas, and the militia had been called out under the belief that the invasion of the State was imminent.

### GENERAL NEWS.

President Lincoln had made a speech stating that some persons had construed certain remarks of Mr. Seward into a threat that if he (Mr. Lincoln) was defeated in the presidential election he would do what he could to ruin the Government. Others had interpreted the fact of the Chicago Convention not adjourning *sine die* as an intimation that if their nominee were selected he would at once seize the control of the Government. The people, Mr. Lincoln said, need not be uneasy on either point, since their will, constitutionally expressed, must be law for all.

The Democratic presidential electors of Tennessee recently waited upon Mr. Lincoln, and petitioned for a modification of Governor Johnston's test oath and the guarantee of non-interference by the military in the November elections. They were summarily dismissed with the assurance that Mr. Lincoln "intended to manage his side of the presidential contest in his own way, and that he expected the friends of George B. McClellan to manage their side in their way."

The steamer Roanoke was reported to have been captured by the Confederate Lieutenant Brain, who took her to Bermuda, where he landed the passengers and burned the Roanoke off the harbour. Afterwards Lieutenant Brain returned to Bermuda with his crew in boats, when he was arrested by the British authorities.

Several dry-goods and other merchants in Washington and Baltimore had been arrested and imprisoned in Washington by order of Mr. Stanton. The charge against them was believed to be contraband trading.

Major-General Birney, who left his command at Deep Bottom on the 10th in consequence of an attack of typhus fever, had died at Philadelphia.

The *Richmond Enquirer* recommends a conscription; also, that all negroes arming should be made free. The paper thinks the people will call upon the next Congress to provide for it by law. The Confederate Government of Louisiana also recommends arming the slaves.

Twenty-five armed men arrived at St. Albans, Vermont, robbed the bank, killed two citizens, and afterwards left in the direction of Canada. They were subsequently captured, and the money recovered. The Canadian authorities assisted in arresting them.

## IRELAND.

TRIAL OF A BARRISTER FOR SHOOTING A BAILIFF.—Mr. O'Dell, an Irish barrister, who shot a bailiff's messenger that had come to take his goods in execution, was tried before the Criminal Court of Dublin last week. The trial lasted three days. There was no dispute as to the facts of the murder; but it was contended that the prisoner was insane at the time he shot the man. The jury took this view, and on Saturday they returned a verdict acquitting the prisoner on the ground of insanity.

FATAL RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—A fatal accident occurred on the Midland Great Western Railway on Saturday evening last to the down train from Dublin to Galway. When about two miles from Ballinasloe, on the Dublin side, a third-class carriage in immediate connection with the engine ran off the rails and was propelled down the embankment, throwing the tender off the rails and breaking the coupling between the tender and train. The engine ran a considerable distance in advance of the train; the carriages following propelled the first carriage with so much force that it ran down the embankment into the adjoining field, dragging the others after it and overturning the first and second class carriages, which were shattered to pieces. Mr. Glanville, a builder, of Ballinasloe, and a mason, named Henry, were killed. Five persons received serious injuries, and twenty others sustained slight contusions.

## THE PROVINCES.

A LUXURIOUS FOX.—Some few days ago a sly fox entered the dwelling-house of Mr. Arnold, Catas Farm, near Heather. He made his entrance through the parlour window, and went, very orderly, up stairs to bed. While having a sweet repose, the housekeeper opened the room door, and to her surprise, observed Reynard—who she thought was a dog—in bed. She informed the master of the fact; but he not taking much notice of it, she told the ploughman, who went to see if the intruder had made his exit, but he had not. The ploughman then informed the waggoner, who immediately went, with club in hand, to defend himself. Reynard was still asleep, and the waggoner dealt him a heavy blow on the head and killed him while in his cosy position.

THE DISTRESS IN THE COTTON DISTRICTS.—On Monday the Earl of Derby presided at a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Central Relief Fund, in the Townhall, Manchester. The secretary reported that £280 7s. 6d. had been received during the past week, and that the balance at the bank was £101,667 16s. 11d. A series of suggestions for the more general employment of cotton operatives under the Public Works Act was read by the noble chairman. Mr. Farnall presented his weekly report, stating that the increase of persons receiving relief in the twenty-seven unions, in the week ending Oct. 21, was 2247. After a statement relating to the accounts of the local committees by the secretary, several grants from the funds were voted.

ELOPEMENT OF A YOUNG LADY.—A young lady has disappeared from Mamhead, near Dawlish, under circumstances which have greatly distressed her parents. She is the daughter of the head of one of the most respectable and well-to-do families in the neighbourhood, is nineteen years of age, and has been an object of marked admiration on account not only of her personal charms, but of her fascinating manners and educational accomplishments. No pains had been spared to cultivate the intellectual parts of one whose fine figure and handsome face had rendered her the pride of the family. On Thursday morning week she was missed from her room, and inquiries were immediately set on foot to discover her whereabouts. From what has been ascertained at the Dawlish railway station and elsewhere, there is too much reason to believe that this young lady has been accompanied in her flight by a young man, only about eighteen years of age, who has been up to a week ago working for the family as a farm labourer. He was discharged last week, but was subsequently seen near the house. The friends of the youth live at Jersey, and it is supposed that the couple have already or will soon direct their steps thither.

UNIVERSITY FOR WALES.—Several public meetings have been held in Carmarthenshire within the last few days to promote the establishment of high-class colleges and a university for Wales. The principal meeting was held in the county town of Carmarthen, the Mayor of Carmarthen presiding. A resolution having been passed approving the effort now being made to secure high-class educational institutions in Wales, it was resolved—"That as the colleges and University proposed to be established (while their Christian character will be amply secured by examination in the evidences of Christianity in the original languages of Scripture) are purely non-sectarian, and offer equal advantages on equal terms to all, this meeting is of opinion that they are peculiarly suited to the circumstances and needs of the Principality, and worthy of the countenance and support of all sections of the people." In supporting this resolution the Rev. Dr. Nicholas, secretary to the London Committee, explained that what was proposed attempting was the establishment of two new colleges, each to have half a dozen professors, and one to be in North and the other in South Wales. It was proposed to unite Lampeter College in the confederacy, and that Llandovery School, Brecon College, and the superior old grammar schools in the country, if they came up to the standard of education, should all be affiliated, as it were, to the University. The promoters had commenced with a fund of £50,000 to start with. It had not yet been decided where the colleges were to be situated or where the University was to have its centre. All the resolutions were carried unanimously, and local committees were appointed in each town in which meetings were held.

## MOSCOW.

Moscow (Russian Moskwa), the former capital, and now the second city of the empire, famous as the scene of the discomfiture of Napoleon I. in 1812, stands on the banks of the river of the same name, and is 397 miles south-east of St. Petersburg. The city covers a large circular area, and consists of the Kremlin, or citadel, surrounded by other quarters, inclosed by walls, beyond which are several suburbs. Since 1812 it has been rebuilt on a regular plan, but is still mostly of wood. The principal edifices were the Kremlin, the ancient residence of the Czars, and now replaced by a magnificent structure, the new Kremlin, completed in 1850, comprising several palaces, and ornamented with the finest statuary and sculpture; the orphan hospital, bazaar, cathedral, and the church of the Annunciation, in which the Sovereigns of Russia are re-crowned; the church of Ivan Veliki, with a belfry 269 ft. high. The great bell of Moscow, 21 ft. high, 20 ft. in diameter, and weighing 138 tons 2 cwt. 1 lb., long buried under the soil, was raised and placed on a pedestal in 1836. Moscow is supplied with water by means of an aqueduct nine miles in length, is the residence of the wealthiest and most ancient noble families, the seat of a section of the Senate, of a military governor-general, and of a regency, or council of administration. It has an arsenal, containing arms for 1000 infantry and 1000 cavalry, and an immense hall for exercising the troops in wet weather. The University, founded in 1755, had, in 1851, 124 professors and 821 students. Moscow has a public

nine, and, asking the hour as she went out, the witness had given it to her from the kitchen clock. This was the pinch of the defence, for, Mr. Briggs's murder having taken place at three minutes to ten o'clock, it was held that it would have been physically impossible for Müller to have traversed the distance from Brixton to the Fenchurch-street station in time to have been the perpetrator. Eldred herself was then sworn, and was the object of general curiosity. She was a pale, dissipated, and very plain-looking woman, of about thirty years of age. She confirmed, but vaguely, the testimony of the previous witness; but the rules of evidence prevented her stating a fact which would have materially assisted the defence—namely, that her landlady told her on the following morning that Müller had been to see her, and when. This, it appears, would have been "hearsay evidence," and the Court ruled that the question should not be put. A singular piece of evidence completed the alibi case. An omnibus conductor—a young, honest-looking, and evidently respectable man in his line—was produced, and swore that at five minutes past ten o'clock on a Saturday night last summer he took up a passenger at Camberwell-gate, that this passenger was lame, wearing a boot and a slipper, as Müller had done, and that he remarked, when helping his passenger down at his City terminus, that "he seemed to have a touch of his complaint," meaning the gout. He could not fix the night; he could not identify the slipper, it was merely a coincidence; but it was a singular one.

### THE SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S REPLY AND THE CHIEF BARON'S SUMMING-UP.

The reply of the Solicitor-General upon the whole case was a masterpiece of legal dissection. He took the witnesses for the defence seriatim, and completely disparaged their testimony in the estimation of the jury. But it was in the dissection of the alibi that the honourable and learned gentleman most successfully showed his readiness, skill, and acumen. With excellent taste, he did not seek to influence the jury by a single word relative to the degraded characters of the alibi witnesses. He took their facts as facts, and with extraordinary dexterity endeavoured to show that they were the strongest confirmation of his case. It was a question of minutes, and by frittering away a few minutes from the time fixed by the landlady of Stanley Cottage for the visit of Müller, he showed that he would have had just time to get from Brixton to Fenchurch-street, jump into the carriage with Mr. Briggs, and thus be on the spot to commit the murder. He ridiculed the mute evidence of the "alibi clock," as he named it. There was always, he reminded the jury, a clock in an alibi; and, of course, a clock figured here. It was the duty of the Solicitor-General to tear the defence to pieces, and he did it effectually and inexorably, but, at the same time, in the best taste and with an ability which must add considerably to the honourable and learned gentleman's already high professional reputation.

Müller kept his seat and looked perfectly composed whilst the Solicitor-General was weaving the web of death round him, and had to be tapped on the shoulder by the turnkey to make him stand up whilst the Lord Chief Baron delivered his charge. His Lordship retired at the termination of the reply for the Crown, and it was generally thought that the laborious task of summing up this protracted and remarkable case would have been left to the junior Baron. Whilst his Lordship was absent the gaol Chaplain appeared on the bench in his canonicals, and at the sudden entrance of the rev. gentleman a sort of premonitory shudder ran through the court, it being one of the duties of this functionary to add, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul" to the sentence of death pronounced by the Judge. His Lordship's charge, the ability of which well sustained the title by which the Lord Chief Baron holds a front place in our extraordinary national list of distinguished octogenarians, showed from the very first word that his conviction of the prisoner's guilt was complete; while at the same time the Judge was most anxious to impress on the jury the duty of forming their judgment for themselves upon the evidence.

### THE VERDICT AND SENTENCE.

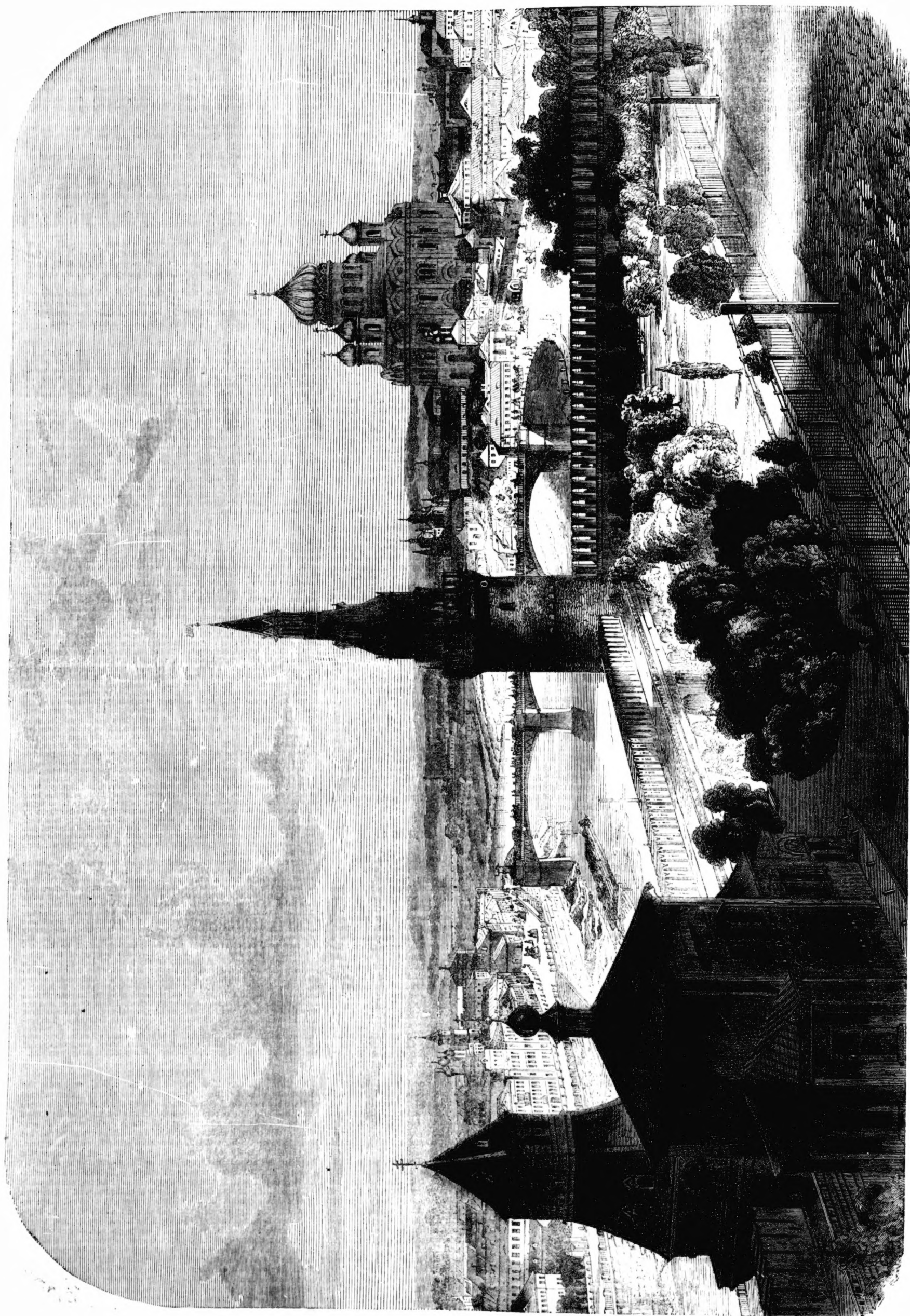
The Chief Baron spoke for about an hour. The jury were not more than a quarter of an hour in considering their verdict, and it was evident that they only retired for decency's sake. They found the prisoner guilty, and then just as the shades of evening were beginning to close in over the always dim and dismal court, the signal that the last sad scene of the trial was approaching was given by Baron Martin placing on his head the hideously grotesque black cap which tells that the wearer is about to pass the doom of violent and untimely death on a hapless fellow-creature. The Chief Baron held his handkerchief to his eyes while his learned brother was speaking, but the latter, concealing by a strong effort the pity which all who knew him was sure he felt, spoke sternly and firmly. He said that he had never been more satisfied of the guilt of a prisoner; had he been on the jury he would have unhesitatingly joined in the verdict; and he felt it his duty to speak thus explicitly in order that the prisoner at the bar should not indulge in any vain hopes of reprieve, but should prepare for a violent death within a very few days. When his Lordship had concluded, all eyes were turned towards the dock where Müller stood, flushed, but with unmoved countenance. His apparent tranquillity was evidently the result of the extremest nervous tension, and close observers could see that his lips moved although his voice could give no utterance. Like a piece of clockwork, he turned suddenly round and disappeared down the dock; but immediately after the officer, in whose custody he was, came back and said that the prisoner wished to say a few words. He came to the front of the dock, and all eyes and ears were concentrated upon his look and words. Slowly and distinctly, with the accent of a foreigner, but in pure English, he said, "I complain not of the sentence, for I know the laws of England; but I have been condemned, not upon true, but upon false evidence." For a few minutes there was bustle, excitement, and conversation; everyone was comparing notes with everybody else, and there were a hundred different versions of the prisoner's few words; and then the court was cleared.

Monday, the 14th instant, has been fixed for the execution. The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex communicated this fact to the prisoner on Monday last, when he received the intimation with perfect calmness. A movement, it is said, is on foot to attempt to obtain a commutation of the sentence, on the ground that the murder was not premeditated, but was the result of sudden temptation. There is no probability of this movement being attended with success.

UNPOPULARITY OF GENERAL GRANT.—General Grant is becoming more and more unpopular in his army every day. He is less frequently mentioned by his proper title than by the opprobrious nicknames of "Granny Grant," "Butcher Grant," and "Bummer Grant." It is by the New York regiments and the regulars that the Lieutenant-General is most roundly abused. A private letter from a member of the 114th New York Volunteers, now stationed at Fort Duquesne, on the extreme Federal left before Petersburg, states that a few days ago Grant, Butler, and Meade were riding by in a covered wagon (to "avoid the presence of the men's enthusiasm," the letter says), when a soldier in the road shouted to a comrade on the rampart of the fort, "Here comes Grant!" The walls of the fortification were immediately lined with soldiers, who, as soon as the vehicle reached a point directly opposite them, united in a tremendous groan, and the groan, the letter adds, was several times repeated.—*New York Letter.*

A BRAVE LAD.—The Charleroi journals relate the following instance of fortitude on the part of a little boy only eight years old, the son of a labourer named Malhaux, living at Fariennes (Belgium). One evening, a few weeks since, he was sent by his mother to fetch a loaf from a baker's on the opposite side of the railway. On his return, when passing a level crossing about 150 paces from the Fariennes station, he saw a train approaching, and in his alarm stumbled and fell. He nevertheless had the presence of mind to roll into the space between the rails and lie still. Unhappily, the clearing-iron caught his blouse and dragged him along till the train stopped at the station, but the wheels had, meanwhile, passed over one of his arms and cut it nearly off. When liberated, he exclaimed, looking at his mangled limb, "Pray do not tell mother!" and asked the bystanders to fetch his loaf. It was found necessary to amputate the arm, and, chloroform having been applied without inducing insensibility, he bore the operation with the utmost courage, and only asked once or twice if the surgeons would soon have done. His arm is now healing, and the little fellow has returned to school as gay and cheerful as his companions.





IRON BRIDGE ACROSS THE MOSKWA, AND THE CHURCH OF THE REDEMER, MOSCOW.



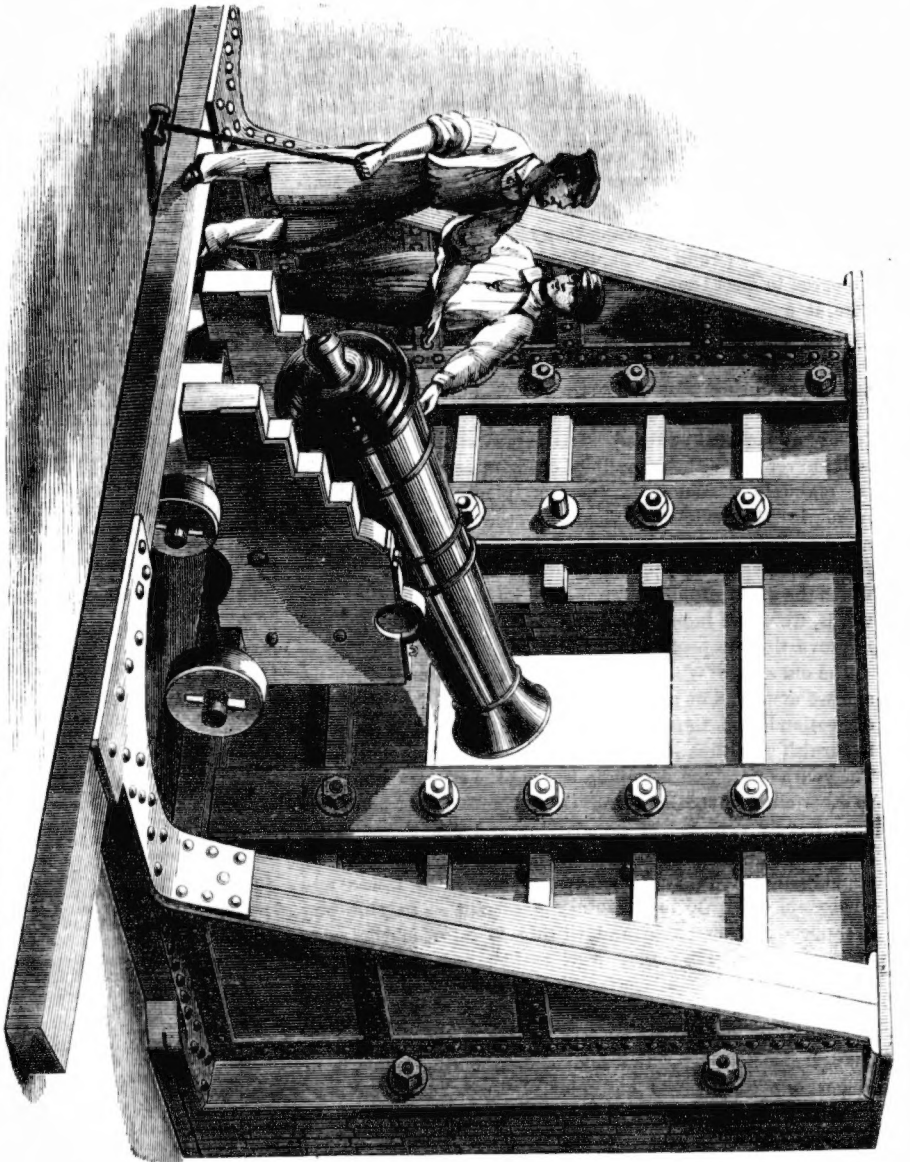
library, an observatory, a botanic garden, and numerous scientific and literary institutions. It manufactures complete cottons, woolsens, and silks, in which steam machinery is employed. In 1811 it had 566 factories, with 40,230 weavers. It has also manufactures of carpets, jewellery, and trinkets. From its central situation and its communication by water with all the principal cities and ports of the empire, its trade is immense. A railway connects it with St. Petersburg, Moscow, founded in the middle of the twelfth century, was sacked by the Moguls in 1292 and 1293. From the middle of the fourteenth century it was considered the capital of Russia. It was taken by the Poles in 1611. In 1703 Peter the Great transferred his residence to St. Petersburg; but Moscow was still regarded by the Russians as the capital of their empire. It was occupied by the French in 1812; but, after the Battle of Borodino, the Russian General set it on fire and thus compelled the French to commence their disastrous retreat.

The Palace of the Kremlin, together with a singularly picturesque effect. The city is divided by the River Moskwa, into two parts, between which communication is established by several bridges. (The new iron bridge, and the Church of the Redeemer, it will be observed, form conspicuous objects in our picture.) The southern part of the city and the hill called the Spersingberg are surrounded by gardens. The Spersingberg, it may be mentioned, is celebrated as having been the point whence Napoleon I., with his army, entered Moscow. The great cathedral being a monument erected in commemoration of the deliverance of the country from the French invasion, it was originally intended that it should stand on the Spersingberg. That idea was, however, abandoned in consequence of formidable impediments which stood in the way of its fulfilment. The sandy soil rendered it difficult to make a solid foundation, the scaffolding continually gave way, and the damp created sickness among the workmen, who were encamped by thousands in the open country. The result was that the site on the Spersingberg was relinquished, and it was determined to erect the church within the boundaries of the city. The edifice is one of imposing grandeur, and has been constructed at vast expense; the cost of gliding the cupolas and cross alone amounted to 1,170,000 silver roubles. The building was commenced in 1837.

### A MONSTER IRON SHIELD FOR RUSSIA.

WHEN, some three or four years ago, the value of iron as a defence against artillery began to attract a large share of public attention, Messrs. Hughes and Lancaster formed the idea of constructing embrasures and casemates for heavy guns of thick plates of iron that would resist ordinary shot and shell, and at the same time afford an unusual degree of protection to the men working the guns. Since this idea was first entertained the enormous increase in the power of artillery has led to corresponding increase in the thickness of the armour-plating; and the embrasure, originally designed of comparatively light plates, has now grown up into a solid wall of iron, fifteen inches in thickness. One of these formidable works has just been completed for the Russian Government by the Millwall Ironworks Company, and on Saturday last a considerable amount of interest was shown by a number of engineers and officers of the two services who were invited to examine it previously to its being shipped for Cronstadt.

This Shield is intended for the defence of the Cronstadt forts. As an experi-

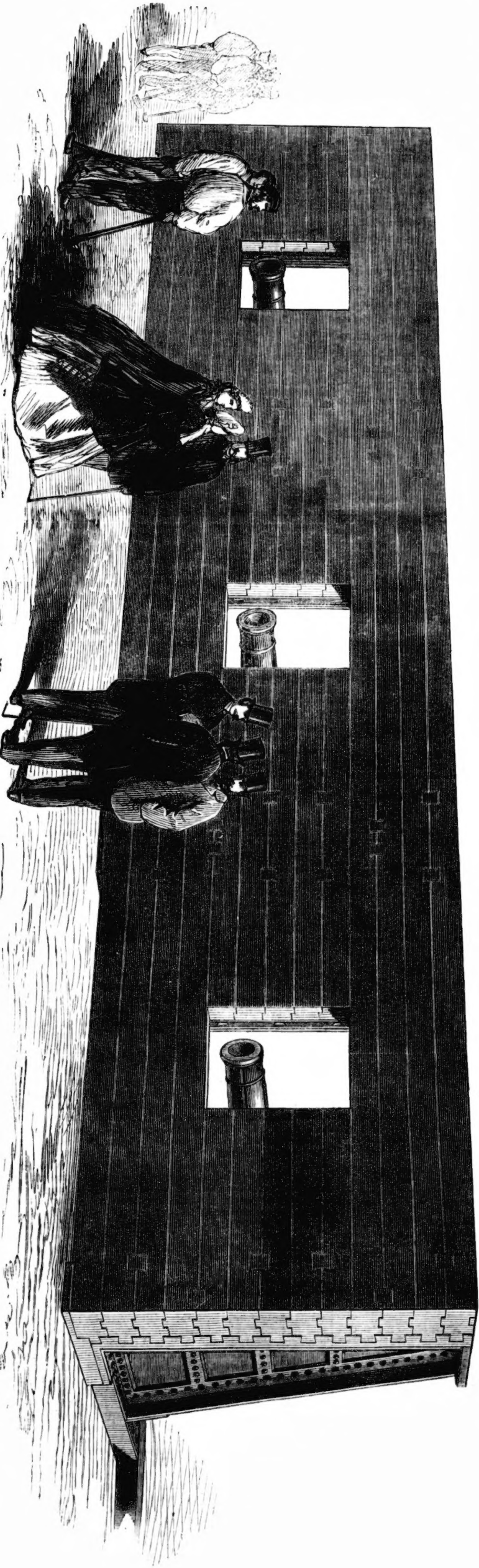


BACK VIEW OF THE WROUGHT-IRON SHIELD CONSTRUCTED AT THE MILLWALL IRONWORKS FOR THE CRONSTADT FORTIFICATIONS.

ment, it will first be placed on the parapet of one of the outer forts, and, if it answer all requirements, it will take the place of the ordinary military embrasure. The immense structure, which is 43 ft. 6 in. long and 10 ft. high, is built up of bars of wrought iron, 12 inches by 12, rolled with a rebate, or projection, on one side and a corresponding groove on the other, while at the back a dovetailed rib, which projects three inches, runs the whole length, thus making a total thickness of 15 in. On each side of the embrasures, and wedged to these ribs, twin supports of 4 in. thickness and standing 4 in. apart, bind the bars together. These supports are clamped together at the back, and bolts pass through the clamping-piece and are fastened to the main body of the structure. The bolts used for this purpose have the ends dovetailed to fit in corresponding slots in the back of the bars. By this means no bolt of any kind appears on the face of the fortification, and the cracking of them by the concussion of shot is entirely obviated, especially as a space of a quarter of an inch is left between the end of the bolt and the extremity of the slot. It fits into, so that no blow is directly transmitted to it. The spaces between the bolts are filled with blocks of teak. The structure thus built up is made self-supporting by immense brackets, or buttresses, formed like plate girders, of 1-inch iron, which are fastened to the bars and are bolted down to a bed-plate 43 ft. 6 in. long, 2 ft. wide, and 3 in. thick. The weight of such a piece of work is 1600 lb. per yard, and the weight of the longest bar, which is 14 ft. 6 in., is nearly 34 tons. In consequence of the shield being only 15 in. thick, the guns mounted within it will be enabled to fire at a much greater lateral angle than they could if masonry of eight or ten feet thick was employed, and at the same time the portholes are proportionably less.

One great advantage of wrought-iron forts over those of masonry is that they require no foundations, if the ground, or site, upon which they are to be erected is sufficiently strong to resist the "crushing weight" of the structure. They can be erected in one tenth of the time, are easily taken down if strategically required; and they can be re-erected without loss of material. They also present a much less surface, or "target," for the guns of an enemy; and, from their apparent invulnerability, are calculated to inspire the defenders with increased confidence.

The rolling of these massive bars was a work of no ordinary difficulty. The great thickness and weight of the metal alone was sufficient to tax the resources of any ordinary establishment; but when to this was added the necessity of rolling the plates so as to give a groove on one side and a corresponding projection on the other, and that these were to be formed at the same time that the bars were rolled, it will be seen at once that machinery of no ordinary kind and strength was required for the purpose. The visitors had an opportunity of seeing the rolling of some large 6-in. armour-plates, part of an extensive order which the company have lately received from the Russian Government. A wrought-iron gun-carriage of extraordinary strength was also inspected by the visitors. The weight of the carriage is about four tons, and it is intended to mount a steel cannon of twenty-five tons weight. This is also made to order for the Russian Government, and other gun-carriages of the same description will shortly be ready for shipment. Cronstadt was a strong place when Sir Charles Napier looked into it with a portion of his Baltic fleet; what it will be when the plan of its enormous fortifications and defences is carried out may be imagined from the fact that the batteries are to be strengthened with 6-in. armour-plates, and to carry, not only many more, but very much heavier guns than before.



FRONT VIEW OF THE ABOVE.



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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

### SCARCITY OF MEN FOR THE ARMY AND NAVY.

THERE is, it seems, a dearth of recruits for the Army and Navy. The voice of the recruiting-sergeant is unheeded in our cities, and towns, and villages; charm he never so wisely, "smart young men" decline to serve her Majesty. The navy agent (we suppose we must not say crimp) is equally unsuccessful in our seaports. Neither Hodge nor Jack will accept the service and pay of the country. While we are constructing a magnificent and powerful fleet of ironclads and spending large sums in the manufacture of Armstrong guns and Enfield rifles, we are in danger of lacking men to man the one and to handle the others. The best ships, the most powerful artillery, and the most unerring and perfect of rifles, will be of little value without men to use them. Weapons lying idle in store and ships rusting in dockyards will afford but a poor defence in the hour of need without brave hearts and skilful hands to work them. "British oak" may be no longer the principal element in our ships of war; but we cannot dispense with the "hearts of oak" that make ships and arms of value. We know not how soon we may be involved in war. Let us be ever so cautious, and meddle as little as we may with the affairs of other countries, our interests are so vast, our possessions so scattered, and our commercial relations so diversified and so universal, that we cannot always keep clear of entanglements in foreign affairs; and when difficulties arise we ought to be prepared to meet them. Without men we cannot be so; and men, it appears, we cannot get. Why is this? About the fact there is no dispute. The causes are more open to discussion. These may be apparently of various kinds, but they essentially spring from one source: men are too valuable in these islands to accept service with the public on the terms at present offered. A large standing army it will never be either possible or wise for Great Britain to maintain. We must always place our dependence more in the efficiency than in the numbers of our army. This is well understood by all; but a moderate force we must keep up, and to effect this we must make it worth the while of our young men to join the Army; in other words, we must increase the pay, augment the comforts, and improve the prospects of our soldiers.

The old sources whence we drew our soldiers are failing us, and we must find or make new ones. Ireland, the Highlands of Scotland, and the rural districts of England, were wont to furnish us with the best and most numerous class of recruits. The youth of Ireland is rapidly leaving the country and going to other climes; the Highlands of Scotland have of late years been largely denuded of population, and can therefore no longer supply their old quota; and the surplus rural population of England betakes itself to the towns and engages in well-paid manufacturing industry. In this way it happens that men able and willing to serve in the army are scarcer now than they used to be; and to obtain the number we require, of course higher inducements must be proffered.

Besides, soldiering, like everything else, is undergoing great changes. The life of the soldier, even during peace, is no longer one of idleness and play, but of hard work and privation. Camping out at Aldershot or Shorncliffe is nearly as onerous as actual campaigning, and will frighten off the mere trifter. Modern improvements in the implements of war, while they have added greatly to their effectiveness, have also made greater skill necessary in their use. Rifled artillery and arms of precision generally require a higher degree of skill, and therefore a higher degree of intelligence, to handle them effectively than did the old smooth-bore and "Brown Bess." Consequently, a better, a more intelligent, a more highly-cultivated class of men must be got for the ranks of the Army; and, to obtain them, we must offer such inducements as will tempt men of this class to enlist. The emoluments of the soldier must be made to approximate more nearly to those of the civilian; his barracks must be made such as he will care to leave home to occupy; greater advantages must be provided for him in the shape of pensions and other provisions for old age; and the path to promotion, even to the very highest rank, must be opened up much more freely than it is at present. "Skill wins fortune," or at least deserves it; and if due reward be not accorded to merit in the public service, it will betake itself to other and more grateful fields of enterprise. Much, we are aware, has of late years been done in all these directions; but a great deal more remains to do. The inducements to engage in civil occupations are every day becoming greater; and the inducements to enter the Army must be made to keep pace with them. It is not enough that the grade of non-commissioned officer is open to the ambition of the private, and that in a few rare and exceptional cases commissions are bestowed, for particular distinguished service, upon men who have risen from the ranks. Such cases should become the rule, not the exception. Purchase must not remain, as it at present practically is, the sole means of promotion in the Army. Merit

must take its place; and expensive mess arrangements must be discouraged, in order that men who have the manners and the acquirements of gentlemen, but who have nothing but their pay to live upon, may be able to take their places as officers without feeling themselves in a false and humiliating position. We should be sorry to see the scions of noble and wealthy families excluded from the career of arms. The gentry of England need no meretricious advantages to enable them to hold their own against all comers: they are deficient in neither courage, nor capacity, nor endurance, as they have shown on many a memorable occasion; but they must be content to forego exclusive privileges, and to share the honours and advantages of rank in the Army with others less fortunate than themselves in the accident of birth. Whole-some competition they need not dread, for it will not injure them, but, on the contrary, will be good for them as well as for other classes.

Were our Army system reformed in the manner we have indicated, and the profession of the soldier made such as to induce youths of superior education and character to adopt it, we need have no misgivings either as to the numbers or the efficiency of our national defenders. The volunteer movement has proved that the martial spirit of our young men is as vigorous as ever; and many excellent soldiers in the volunteer corps might be induced, were sufficient encouragement offered, to make their present pastime the profession and study of their lives.

On the subject of manning the Navy we shall have a few remarks to make on a future occasion.

### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN arrived at Windsor from Balmoral on Saturday morning.

PRINCESS LOUIS OF HESSE (Princess Alice) gave birth to a daughter at Darmstadt on Tuesday. The telegram reports that the mother and child are both doing well.

PRINCESS MARY OF CAMBRIDGE is, it is said, sought in marriage by Viscount Hood. The consent of her Majesty is necessary before the union can take place, and it is hoped that the Royal approval will be graciously afforded.

LORD PALMERSTON is to be invited to open the new Exchange Room at Birmingham towards the end of December.

THE MARQUIS OF BRISTOL died on Sunday at his seat, Ickworth Park, Suffolk. He is succeeded in the title by his eldest son, Earl Jermyn, one of the members for West Suffolk.

MR. TENNYSON is about to publish a cheap edition of the most favourite and popular of his poems.

THE "PHORMIO" OF TERENCE will be the Westminster play this year.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CRAWLEY, so famous in the Sergeant Lilly case, has been promoted to a full colonelcy.

GENERAL TODLEBEN is now on a visit to England, and has been received with great courtesy by the Government officials at the naval and military depôts.

MR. W. MORRIS, nephew of the late member, has been returned for the borough of Carmarthen without opposition.

M. BERRYER is about to become the guest of Lord Brougham in London. An invitation to a public dinner, signed by a large number of members of the Inns of Court, has been presented by Lord Brougham, and has been accepted. The dinner is to take place on Tuesday next.

AN ENGLISH VESSEL—THE MERMAID—was sunk on the 16th by a shot from the Tarifa forts. The crew were saved.

THE GLADSTONE-STATUE project at Liverpool is progressing very satisfactorily. A most influential committee has been formed; and we understand that Mr. Adams, the well-known sculptor, has received a commission to execute the statue.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has intimated his intention of presenting to the beautiful church of St. Luke, Shiroaks, Nottinghamshire, a stained-glass window in memory of his lamented friend and colleague the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke built and endowed the church.

THE CANADIAN STEAM-SHIP JURA, from Quebec on the 22nd ult., ran ashore at Crosby Point, Liverpool, on Thursday morning. She was left dry by the tide, and has broken in two amidships.

AN ACCIDENT occurred on a railroad in Connecticut, United States, on the 15th of October, by which twelve persons were killed and between thirty and forty injured.

MR. HERBERT, R.A., has left England for the East, where it is his intention, it is said, to remain some months, with a view to collect materials for the execution of other works of a similar character to that which has excited to much admiration in the Peers' Robbing-room. Mr. Herbert is accompanied by his son Wilfred, who is an artist.

OWING to continued ill-health and increasing infirmities, Mr. Justice Williams, of the Common Pleas, is about to resign his seat. Sir R. P. Collier, M.P., now Solicitor-General, is spoken of as likely to be the new Judge.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK AND THE BISHOP OF RIFON were present, on Monday evening, at a soiree of the Huddersfield Church Institute. The latter Prelate took the opportunity to ridicule Brother Ignatius and his monastic pretensions. The Archbishop had a good deal to say against sensation novels. He condemned them strongly.

LORD STANLEY presided, on Monday evening, at the annual dinner of the Manchester Warehousemen and Clerks' Schools. He proposed several of the toasts, and, in dealing with that of "Prosperity to the Schools," went at some length into the advantages of benevolent societies, which he cordially approved.

A FEMALE PEDESTRIAN, named Sharp, is reported to have finished, on Saturday last, the trying feat of walking a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours. She began her walk on the 17th of September, and finished it at five o'clock on Saturday morning, in the presence of a large concourse of people.

CIDER is now selling at 10s. per hogshead in the West of England, to parties bringing their own casks and fetching the cyder away from where it is made. As it is always best put into wine casks, there will be great difficulty in getting sufficient casks for the enormous quantity of cider that will be made this year.

WHILE A TEMPERANCE MEETING was being held on Sunday night, in some workshops at Sheffield, a large portion of the floor gave way, and precipitated about 150 people into the shops beneath. After the first alarm had subsided, it was found that the worst injury sustained was a broken leg, but it is considered marvellous that no lives were lost.

THERE has been another effort to increase the salary of the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford. On Monday the Vice-Chancellor of the University proposed at the Hebdomadal Council that the Professor's salary should be raised to £400 per annum. The motion was defeated by a majority of one. Professor Pusey voted in the minority.

A MEETING OF COLLIERIES was held at Coleley, on Saturday last, at which it was agreed that, with some exceptions, the strike should be terminated and the men should return to their work. It was admitted that the men had endured great privations during the strike, which has lasted for seven weeks.

THE INQUIRY into the causes of the late terrible explosion near Erith was resumed on Tuesday. We have to report another death, making the thirteenth which has resulted from this deplorable accident. The sufferer was a little boy named Yorke, who belonged to a family which had already sustained severe losses. After a good deal of evidence had been taken, the inquest was again adjourned.

A HANDSOME PUMP has been erected at Blandford, in Dorset, in which has been inserted a tablet, bearing the following inscription:—"Erected for public use by Thomas Horlock Bastard, and dedicated by him to the memory of his esteemed friends, George Combe and Andrew Combe, M.D., and of their zealous efforts to diffuse a knowledge of the human constitution, and of the laws of Nature as conducive to the preservation of health and the advancement of morality. October, 1864."

MR. ALDERMAN MILLER, of Preston, has announced his intention of giving to the Corporation of that town a plot of land between the London and North-Western Railway Company's and the East Lancashire Railway Company's bridges, for the purpose of forming a public park. The condition of Mr. Miller's gift is that the Corporation pay a rent-charge of £40 a year upon the property, which is considered to be worth £4000, to be devoted to the foundation of a university exhibition in connection with the Preston Grammar School.

### THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE House of Lords has lost the Marquis of Bristol, the House of Commons Earl Jermyn, who succeeds his father. The late Marquis of Bristol himself sat in the House of Commons as Earl Jermyn for Bury St. Edmunds from 1830 to 1859—twenty-nine years. On the death of his father, in 1859, he went to the House of Peers. His son did not succeed him as member for Bury, but entered the house at the general election, which occurred about two months after his grandfather's death, as member for West Suffolk. Lord Alfred Hervey, a brother of the late Marquis, got the seat for Bury. It is hardly probable that there will be a contest for West Suffolk; but, if there should be, a Conservative will be returned. West Suffolk has not returned a Liberal since 1835. In 1837 two Liberals stood against two Conservatives, and the Conservative victory was then so decisive that no Liberal has ventured into the field since. In 1859 there was a contest, but the three candidates were all Conservatives. They were Earl Jermyn, Major Windsor, and Philip Bennett, jun. Mr. Bennett was the old member, had represented West Suffolk since 1845, and why he was opposed I know not. He made a gallant fight, and, if he be living, may stand again. The late Marquis is well remembered in the house as an amiable and exceedingly affable gentleman; but very quiet. I do not remember that I ever heard him speak. He was only sixty-four when he died. His father attained the great age of ninety. The late Marquis did not succeed to the peerage until he was fifty-nine; his son becomes Marquis of Bristol at the age of thirty. The family name of the Marquis of Bristol is Hervey. The Herveys do not shine very brilliantly in history; one of them crops out, in Henry VIII.'s time, as Ambassador; another seems to have distinguished himself against the Spanish Armada; and another (the third Earl) got a place upon the historic page through marrying privately a certain notable Miss Chudleigh, who, twenty-five years afterwards (her first husband being alive), married publicly the Duke of Kingston, for which crime of bigamy she was impeached before the House of Peers, who dissolved the marriage, but let the lady go Scot free, it would seem. The ancestors of the family came over with the Conqueror, of course; "leastways," as the old farmer said of his forebears, "if they didn't, they were here when the Conqueror comed." The Lord Hervey of Pope's time (popularly known as "Miss Fanny") was also, I believe, of this family.

So the Chancellor of the Exchequer is descended, through his mother, from two Royal houses—to wit, the Royal house of England and the Royal house of Scotland. So says Sir Bernard Burke. The blood of a Plantagenet (Henry III.) and of Robert Bruce, it would seem, flows in the veins of Mr. Gladstone. It comes, though, by the female line. The mother of Gladstone was the daughter of Sheriff Robertson, of Ross, who descended from James I. of Scotland, a descendant of Bruce; and the wife of said James I., Lady Joan Beaufort, the ancestress of the worthy Sheriff, descended from Henry III. Can anything be clearer? Yes. The Gladstone pedigree on the male side, as far as one can see it, is much clearer. William Ewart Gladstone is the son of Sir John Gladstone, who was the son of John Gladstone—I believe his name was John—who kept a "laigh shop" at Edinburgh and sold corn and flour. His son John early went to Liverpool as a clerk in a merchant's office; in due time became a partner in the house; ultimately made a large fortune; and got a baronetcy in 1846. This is the male side of the pedigree; and, if I understand the Chancellor of the Exchequer aright, he would be quite as willing that you should talk of his grandfather's "laigh shop" as of the Royal blood which comes to him through his mother. The fact is, our Gladstone is king in his own right; and men hereafter will be prouder to trace from him than they will be of that questionable blood royal. I say questionable; for that blood Royal, flowing through the female line, must have been liable to many family accidents since it circulated through the veins of Henry III., six hundred years ago. But, whether he be Royal by descent or Royal in his own right, he is to be opposed at Oxford, it is said. His opponent is to be Mr. Gathorne Hardy, member now for the all but rotten borough of Leominster. Mr. Hardy is reputed to be—and has been so reputed for ten years—one of the rising men of the Conservative party. He seems, however, to be always rising, and never to rise. In 1858, he got to be Under Secretary for the Home Department, which is not a very high post. It is thought as high a post, I think, as he can expect in the next Derby Administration, unless indeed he should out Gladstone. For such a service, if he could but achieve it for Conservatism, he might get almost any place, except the foreign secretaryship, which Disraeli has his eye on, and the chancellorship of the exchequer, which is bespoken for Sir Stafford Northcote. But you will say, "Is not Mr. Gathorne Hardy an eloquent speaker?" Yes; he is, indeed, a very eloquent speaker; decidedly, I should say, the most eloquent speaker in the House, if by eloquence is meant the power to pour forth, without let or intermission, a continuous rapid stream of words, all in due grammatical order, for there is no man can do this like Mr. Hardy. But, *cui bono*? Who ever got any good from his eloquence? Not a soul that I ever heard of. This gentleman is, however, to oppose Gladstone at Oxford; and it is averred by the Tories that he has a fair chance of success. Let us look at past contests for the University, that we may, if possible, get a notion of what his chance is worth. In 1847, when Mr. Gladstone was first returned, the numbers were—Juglis, 1700; Gladstone, 997; Charles Grey Round, 824; majority for Gladstone, 173. In 1852—Ingilis, 1369; Gladstone, 1108; Bullock Marsham, 758; majority, 350. In 1853, when Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer, he polled 1022 against 898 for Dudley Percival; majority, 124. General election, 1857, no contest; general election, 1859, no contest; but in the same year, when Gladstone resumed his position as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was opposed by the Marquis of Chandos, and the numbers were—Gladstone, 1050; Chandos, 859; majority, 191. The opponents of Gladstone, then, however much he may have changed, and he has passed through many changes, have, as will be seen, never been able to shake his seat. In 1847, the fight was between the High Church and the Low Church; Gladstone representing High, and Grey Round, Low. In 1852, I fancy the contest was mainly of the same character, although dislike to Gladstone's free-trade principles may then have played a part. The battle in 1853 was like unto that in the preceding year. In 1859, I suspect, there was not much of the odium theologicum. This contest was a stand-up fight between Liberalism and Conservatism. And the coming fight will be of the same character; and, if no change had occurred since '59, Gladstone would easily beat Mr. Hardy. But changes have occurred. First and foremost, as being certain and undisputable, an Act has passed enabling non-residents to vote by papers. And this, it is asserted, diminishes considerably Gladstone's chances of success, for Gladstone has always commanded a majority of the resident doctors and masters of arts. The majority of the non-residents, it is asserted, has always been against him; and these non-residents, now the necessity for appearing at the poll is done away with, will vote in far larger numbers than they have hitherto done. And, no doubt, this will prove true. More men will vote at the next contest for the University than ever voted before. The average number of voters polled at the elections above named is about 2000. But Dod tells us that there are upon the books 3786; and if, in consequence of this new mode of voting, only 1000 more voters should poll, and it be true that the majority of the non-residents are hostile to Gladstone, it is easy to see that his seat for the University is not safe. Moreover, the Conservatives affirm that Gladstone has alienated many of his resident friends by his utterances on the Reform question. This, however, I think, is doubtful. Something of the same sort was said in 1859; and a staunch Conservative, the Marquis of Chandos, now Duke of Buckingham, was put up to oppose the Chancellor of the Exchequer; but, as we have seen, he was beaten easily.

For more than a year it has been generally rumoured and believed that Mr. Evelyn Denison, at the close of this Parliament, would certainly retire from the House of Commons and sink down into a peerage; and the question, Who will be the next Speaker? has been keenly debated. Mr. Denison has, however, now announced to his



constituents that he has no thoughts of retiring. The question, Who will be the new Speaker of the new Parliament? may therefore be considered as settled; for, whichever party may get a majority, Mr. Denison will, I presume, be re-elected, as it is not the custom of the House to supplant an old Speaker who is willing to serve again, unless there be some special reasons for a change. In 1835, Mr. Manners Sutton, who had been Speaker for eighteen years, proffered his services again. He was, however, opposed by the Whigs, who put up Mr. Abercrombie, and carried their man. But then Mr. Manners Sutton was charged with having intrigued to keep the Whigs out of office. This is the only exception to the rule that I can find, and this exception proves the rule. Mr. Manners Sutton held the office through many party changes, though he was known to be a Tory and had been placed in the chair by a Tory House. The reformed Parliament, when it assembled in 1833, accepted his proffered services. We may, then, consider the question settled. Mr. Evelyn Denison, if his life and health be spared and he should be re-elected for North Nottinghamshire, will be Speaker of the next Parliament. His return for North Notts can scarcely be considered a contingency. In the first place, it is very seldom that a Speaker of the House is opposed; and, secondly, with the influence of the Duke of Newcastle and the Duke of Portland, whose sister he married, no opposition would be successful.

I pass over the sad news of the week—the death of John Leech—a calamity which your readers will find fully treated of in another portion of your columns.

The Zouaves of the French Imperial Guard lately in attendance on the Emperor and Empress of all the Russias at Nice are in admirably good condition. The Empress is said to be all kindness and graciousness. Zouaves, as a body, are hungry and dainty. The Empress accosted a turbaned Sergeant and said to him, "I hope you find your mess to your liking?" "It is not bad, your Majesty," replied the non-com., saluting. "What do you usually have allowed you?" inquired the Czarina. The Zouave saw his opportunity and clinched the lucky chance. "Usually, your Majesty," he answered, "we have for breakfast three dishes and a dessert; for dinner soup, entrecôte, turkey, and fruit; bread, wine, and tobacco at discretion, your Majesty!" The Empress ordered that this very liberal diet should be served from the Imperial kitchen. Rich meats, and wine, and tobacco at discretion! Happy Zouaves of the Imperial Guard—that is, happy for a time. But how terrible the fall from such a gastronomic height to the level of ordinary barrack fare!

What a difference there is between sham sensation-writing and real sensation-writing! Between odd, startling, scathing, bizarre, trenchant, incisive ideas, and alliterative adjectives artfully arranged. I had just been thinking of the American who described the rank grass in a churchyard as "the uncut hair of graves!" and I light on an imitation of the dialogue of Theodore Barriere, the dramatist. One passage begins:—"You are weeping! Ah! You have been peeling the onions of remembrance!" The onions of remembrance? What a notion! I almost feared that the next paragraph would speak of "the stale cabbage-water of regret"—but the onions of remembrance! It is an odd, wild, weird, savoury idea, is it not?—a queer union of metaphysics and kitchen-gardening sentiment and stewpans.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

##### THE MAGAZINES.

The *Cornhill*, as we all know, opens with Mr. Wilkie Collins's new story, "Armada." It presents no new feature to those who are familiar with that gentleman's manner; on the contrary, it shows a tendency to keep very decidedly within certain lines; but there is all the old plot-power, and the *lever du rideau* is of more than usual force. It is certainly not every novelist who can afford to open with a murder and yet feel sure of carrying on his readers; but Mr. Wilkie Collins, in "Armada," gives you "perfect gallows" at once, fearlessly leaving you to ask the question, If this is the way he begins, what are we to expect by-and-by? His last story was "No Name;" but here the interest will a good deal depend upon two people having the same name; it is, in fact, "A Name in Duplicate." At all events, we are evidently going to have a strong story well told. In the same magazine Harriet Martineau says weighty things, not new, but re-stated in fresh lights of larger experience, about the education of girls. When it is said that men who have taught girls classics have found their minds better material than the male mind, it should surely be recollected that the first students in a new walk opened up in the female Academies would probably be picked specimens—girls who chose for themselves, therefore exceptional—and also that the process of teaching girls would of itself be agreeable to the majority of studious men; they would be more docile (to men), pleasanter to look at, and freer from offensive little habits of all kinds. In the general drift of the paper I concur. The "Tête-à-Tête Social Science Discussion" is very happy indeed. What is to become of our "surplus" women?—that is the question discussed; and it is easy to discern, through the *deliberate* fun of the article, that the author does not see daylight in any of the directions in which it has been hitherto sought in popular discussions of the question. Mrs. Gaskell's story of "Wives and Daughters" is excellent; it can well afford to stand on its own merits, and await much more deliberate examination and much more carefully-weighted words of admiration than can be given to it in this column. The illustration, also, is good. Molly is a real live "gawk" of seventeen, brought up in the country without a mother, and the "new mamma" a real live *insipide*. The illustration to "Armada" is also good; but no ingenuity can ever make it agreeable to the eye to have pictures so crowded.

*Blackwood* is not up to the mark this month. "Tony Butler" is good—the rest is only middling. The paper on Mr. Tennyson's last volume contains, of course, good things, but it is not *brilliant*. The writer appears to think the "Tithonus," a recent production of the Laureate's, but I believe I may take upon myself to assert that it is more than twenty years old. But I entirely agree that it is Tennyson's best in that kind. By-the-by, about the "Sea Dreams," there is no anachronism in the phrase "Bible-meeting," applied as it is there applied. I remember seeing it in some of the old Hudibras literature. There is in *Blackwood* a Banting paper, which is not particularly clever. And I should like to know how the writer makes out Mr. Banting's weight, reduced from "pounds" to "stone," to have been only 14 st. 6 lb. Of course, that is nothing very heavy; but my modest arithmetic brings it up to 25 st. 2 lb. In "My Latest Vacation Excursion," there are some statements about Germany and the Germans, which go very far to confirm Mr. Henry Mayhew in his book on Saxony. But one may reasonably distrust a writer like the one in *Blackwood*, who deliberately says of the quack doctor, that "with us (the English) he works furtively among the very humblest social elements."

*London Society* is much as usual. "The Ordeal for Wives" is really a good story, and has improved since it opened. Many of the illustrations to this number are capital, especially "A Holocaust," but I make out that the chief male figure in the cut opposite page 388 is more than seven feet high; the lady, about six feet ten. *London Society* has one article of a quality very seldom found in its pages, which are generally padded with a sort of writing that is half "fast;" I mean the article called "A Glance at Ourselves," which is a brief—too brief—discussion of the French and American ways of looking at England. It is full of intelligence, and thoroughly well written. But I must ask the writer a question. Speaking of the "State" theory and the "individualism" theory of government, he says, "either principle is open to abuse." Will he not correct this expression? How can a "principle" be pushed too far? On the contrary, a principle is something that never can be realised—never will be got up to; it cannot be exceeded. What is really meant by such phraseology is that rules which attempt to carry out principles are liable to abuse. No rule or form can do more than imperfectly represent a principle; and if it be strained—that is to say, treated as if it (the rule) were a perfect embodiment of the principle, mischief is necessarily the consequence. A "principle" is an ideal—

something never to be attained, but always to be striven after. The rule—called, for purposes of identification, by the name of the principle—is the instrument of that strife. The tendency of the popular mind is to make it the *tyrant* of the strife; and then, what is called the "principle" is brought into discredit. But it is the duty of thinkers to be cautious in what they say. I gladly quote from the paper now before me the following happy little passage about

##### AMERICAN IDEAS OF "HOME."

They seem to us to involve only an infinite development of the exact status quo—a state, that is, in which the domestic independence of individuals is, or was, carried to an extreme which is wholly incompatible with the English idea of home. For instance, an American father of a family does not think of making money for his children. They are to start in life at the point from which he began himself. They are sent back, as it were, to the bottom of the class, to work their own way again to the top. This system operates in two ways. It not only prevents that possession of hereditary property which the Frenchman considers to be an essential of, and even the American a weighty accident in, the complete idea of home; it also severs, at a very early age, that tie which, in England, binds all the children of one household to the old familiar hearth. A young American thus thrown upon the world becomes like the young of brute animals, who cease to recognise their parents as soon as they can shift for themselves, and who forget in a moment the nest or hollow tree in which they were nursed, though retaining all the time an instinctive attachment to the locality. The English idea of the home is radically connected with the feudal idea of the "house;" a centre, from which all its members radiate, and to which they still belong, even after they have made homes of their own; a sacred *omphalos*, to which they all look back with reverence, and round which they love to think of themselves as still revolving.

So long as no reader makes this sort of thing stand for final truth it is very useful. But that reference to the feudal idea suggests the right conclusion, though the writer may not have intended it.

Good Words contains a capital drawing, by Florence Claxton, of a nun who is regretting her vows. Very good are the illustrations to Mr. Gosse's "Year at the Shore," and very interesting the reminiscences of the late Mr. Charles Taylor. When I was a boy I had a sort of casual-familiar knowledge of this erudite man, and did not know that he was an engraver, in Hatton-garden, while I did know that he was the editor of "Calmet." Knowing what a great gun he was, and having heard him talk with much volubility about "equi-sub-multiples" by the hour, I used to look at him with much awe. His fine hirsute, aquiline countenance and well-knit figure I was constantly seeing in those times in the neighbourhood of Holborn. He used to wear a sort of semi-military coat, buttoned tight up to the throat; and, after the manner of boys who read, I connected him with something in a book—Cowper's couplet in the "Epistle to Thomas Hill, Esq."—

An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin—  
Broad-cloth without, and a warm heart within.

His whole manner seemed to me that of a grown-up boy, except that he stooped a little in his walk and *clove* his way in an eager manner, as if he were in haste to get to somewhere.

The *Churchman's Family Magazine* must go without detailed criticism; for it contains some plums of silliness which must be picked out for the reader's good. Indeed, two articles—one on "The Bristol Church Congress," and the other on "The British Association at Bath"—are so full of such plums that the magazine is worth the money for their sake only. Here is one:—

##### SOMETHING LIKE A HERO.

Mr. Hoare, the banker, made a remarkable little speech, which, in its way, has attracted as much attention as any other. Mr. Hoare looks a very determined man; and when he has got a notion into his head, I should think it impossible to eradicate it:—"He spoke as a churchwarden who had ten men in limbo who would not pay their church rates. He brought them before the magistrates in Petty Session and got a conviction against them. Twelve had paid him, but ten others refused, and he had no doubt he should have to enter their houses and take their goods. He hoped he should not be hissed for doing that, because he meant to do it. Let the Church do her duty, and do what she should to bring all into her bosom; and all who would not come," added Mr. Hoare, with much solemnity, "let them be guilty of schism."

This truly terrific conclusion reminds me of a story I once read of a man who was kicked down stairs. When he got to the bottom he cried out to the extruder (rubbing his flanks), "If you do that again you'll!"—(spoken "with much solemnity")—"you'll rouse the British lion!" Henceforward let all conscientious Non-conformists who will rather suffer the "spoiling of their goods" than pay church rates shake in their Nonconforming shoes! They are guilty of "schism;" and there is at least one churchwarden who would put them in "limbo" if he could. Thank you, Sir! We can infer, for ourselves, that you would burn a heretic also—if you could. Here is the other specimen—from the Bath paper:—

##### THE RED CLOAK.

The presence of Dr. Colenso adds piquancy to the meetings. All the ladies want to see him; not that they take his side, bless them! One tall girl, in a red opera-cloak, led the hissing at the theatre on Dr. Livingstone's night, and was all the more emphatic at every cry of "Shame!" which rose from the astonished pit. But they hear he's a handsome man, tall, and with a "decided" mouth; so "That's Bishop Colenso, is it not?" is sure to be asked whenever a clergyman above middle height walks in. The absence of episcopal garb is no protection against being mistaken for the South African heresiarch. Ladies (usually so attentive to matters of dress) seem to fancy that "only a colonial bishop" does not sport hat and apron, or else they, perhaps, hold that Bishop Gray has "unfrocced" his adversary, besides inhibiting him. The scene at the theatre on Dr. Livingstone's evening was very rich. The "progress" men—Sir J. Bowring, Mayor March, Mr. Tite, M.P., &c.—were in full force on the stage, when in walked Dr. Colenso, and immediately a clear hiss, followed by three or four more, rose from the upper boxes. Then began cheering and stamping, and counter-hisses and counter-cheers. The uproar lasted for full ten minutes, and the feeling was unmistakably shown that of these two men one had been to South Africa for good—the earnest missionary who never, in his zeal for exploration, lost sight of his higher work—the friend and admirer of good Bishop Mackenzie; the other had been to South Africa for harm, to unsettle the minds not only of natives and colonists, but also of weak people at home. The idea in men's minds (explaining the breach of courtesy to a visitor) was that a marked distinction ought to be drawn between these two men—if the one was received with enthusiastic cheers, the other ought not to be allowed to show himself unnoticed.

The "tall girl in the red cloak" who "led the hissing" must be a domestic treasure. Happy the man, &c. How profound the intelligence!—how characteristic of the Enlightened British Idiot! which does not perceive that, though it may be right, or at least innocent, to express our delight at seeing a man whom we approve, it need not necessarily be right to try and hoot down people we do not approve of! Manifestly, the idea of conscientious silence, abstinence, reserve upon open questions (i.e., questions upon which equally good people differ), has never occurred to the mind of "the tall girl in the red cloak" and her coadjutors in the unroyal "game of goose."

Temple Bar and one or two other magazines reached me too late for notice this week.

##### THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The OLYMPIC opened under the new management on Wednesday. The interior of the theatre has been completely renovated. Fresh rows of orchestra-stalls have been added; the pit-seats have been cushioned, and the hand of improvement is seen and felt everywhere. I postpone my notice of the two farces which precede and follow the drama. The new drama, "The Hidden Hand," is an adaptation of a French piece, called "L'Aleu," which was founded on Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's novel of "Lucretia." The scene is laid at Penarvon Castle, in Wales, as I should guess from the picturesque costumes, about the earlier part of the reign of William III. Lord Penarvon (Mr. Neville), a somewhat dissolute noble, of the school of the Restoration, has been twice married. Enid (Miss Lydia Foote), his daughter by his late wife, is the granddaughter of Lady Gryffyd (Miss Adelaide Bowring), who lives in the castle with the family. The existing Lady Penarvon (Miss Kate Terry) has also a daughter, Muriel (Miss Louisa Moore). Lord Penarvon has for ten years been an absentee from his estate, and has neglected his wife for the frail beauties of London. Heretofore in the hope of winning back his wife's affections. Unhappily, Lady Penarvon has conceived a passion for Caerlaon (Mr. Edgar), who, unconscious of his conquest, is the devoted lover of Muriel—thus mother and daughter are rivals. The artless confession made by Muriel to her mother restores that lady

to a sense of duty. She wrestles with her guilty passion, conquers it, and is happy with her penitent husband, Lady Gryffyd, who is the evil genius and motive power of the play, hates Lady Penarvon and her daughter with an intensity known only to mothers-in-law upon the stage. Family arrangements, and an amount of Welsh genealogy somewhat difficult to understand, show that, but for Muriel, Enid (Lady Gryffyd's daughter's daughter) might be the bride of Caerlaon, and, on the death of the present Lord, Lady Penarvon. The terrible old widow consults an aged and faithful follower of the house, on Madoc Goch (Mr. Vincent), a shepherd, seer, and cunning man in herbs and charms. Muriel falls ill. Physicians are in vain. Sir Caradoc ap Ithel (Mr. Coghlan), a good-natured young gentleman, devoted to the study of chemistry and his cousin Enid, discovers that Muriel is suffering from poison. Suspicion points to her mother, Lady Penarvon; Lord Penarvon is horrified by the discovery of his wife's former affection for their daughter's destined husband—and a brilliantly effective scene ensues. Lady Gryffyd, who is paralysed and a prisoner to her chamber, preserves her disagreeable dignity to "the stranger," as she calls Lady Penarvon, and to the stranger's child. Muriel grows worse and worse; suspicion still points its cruel finger to her devoted mother, who watches constantly by her sick child's bed. As Muriel slumbers on her couch, her mother sleeping by her side in an arm-chair, Enid enters the dying girl's bed-chamber. The moonbeams show the terrified girl that the tapestry behind the invalid moves softly and stealthily; a white, withered hand appears and pours a something into the drink placed by the bedside. Lady Gryffyd is the secret poisoner. Accident reveals the fearful secret, and Lady Gryffyd, of her own will, dies by the means of death intended for Muriel.

Here is sensation, with a vengeance! The piece, which needs considerable curtailment, is painful; but the situations throughout are dramatic, effective, and terribly interesting. Throughout, it is admirably acted. *Place aux dames!* It needs not the mantle of prophecy to predict that Miss Kate Terry will be a great actress; and I use the adjective advisedly. Miss Bowring rendered a most difficult and dangerous part, a sort of Lady Macbeth on wheels, with excellent power and judgment. The only fault that could be found—a pardonable one in ladies' eyes—is, that both Miss Terry and Miss Bowring looked too young for a mother and a grandame. A very favourable impression was created by Miss Louise Moore, who possesses all the naïveté, grace, simplicity, and indescribable charm of her sister, Miss Nelly Moore, of the Haymarket. Miss Lydia Foote acted with her usual alternate playfulness and earnestness; and Miss Farren, a grand-daughter of the William Farren who was Lord Ogley and Sir Peter Teaze, played the trifling part of Gwynedd Vechan excellently. Messrs. Neville, Coghlan, Vincent, and Edgar, performed with great judgment and ability; and the scenery was elegant and appropriate.

It is again my pleasing duty to chronicle the success of an original piece. "Sybilla; or, Step by Step," is from the practised pen of Mr. Palgrave Simpson. Its story is simple, as its construction is ingenious. The father of the heroine, Sybilla (Mrs. Charles Mathews), has been wrongfully accused of treason, and expiates his imaginary offence in a State prison. Sybilla's powers of fascination captivate, first, the real culprit, Joachim Barke (Mr. Frank Matthews), the Minister's Secretary; next, Count Wolfenstein (Mr. Ashley), the Minister himself; and, lastly, the King, Christian of Denmark (Mr. F. Robinson). Ultimately, in the King's Cabinet she discovers the documents which establish her father's innocence. How this is accomplished; how, step by step, while surrounding herself by difficulties, compromising her good name, and risking the loss of her affianced husband, Nils Flemming (Mr. Charles Mathews); until at last both the dramatist personae and the audience are surprised at the result for which she has been working, I will not describe, lest I spoil the enjoyment of prospective visitors to the St. JAMES'S. The imbroglio is truly admirable; and it is evident that Mr. Palgrave Simpson is deeply studied in the school of Scribe; and, had the great Eugene been living, I am sure he would have rejoiced in the aptness of his pupil. Mrs. Charles Mathews embodies the heroine with force and energy, and Mr. Mathews exhibits his usual briskness as the young timber merchant; but our favourite light comedian is too mercurial for a devoted, self-sacrificing lover. He lacked feeling; and at the end of the two first acts the piece suffered from this want. Mr. Frank Matthews was in full force of fun and vigour as the treacherous clerk; and Mr. Robinson and Mr. Ashley played with dignity and ease. "Sybilla" is the sort of piece that playgoers will go to see more than once. It is not sensational, but sequent—the product of careful thought and elaborate workmanship.

At the SURREY THEATRE I was surprised to find an explanation of a mysterious placard which has long haunted our hoardings. It is pictorial, and represents a female head in a yellow circle. It might be an advertisement of some new tale entitled "The Girl in the Sun," by way of companion to "The Man in the Moon." But it is intended to announce the successful production of a new drama, "The Orange Girl," at the Surrey Theatre. The piece is remarkably well written, and the plot is excellently constructed. The authors are Messrs. Leslie and N. Rowe. The hero is a working man, a type of the highest order of English skilled mechanic. This character was represented by Mr. James Anderson, who certainly achieved therein a decided success. His delineation of the frank, manly John Fryer, met with enthusiastic applause. A scene in which, having some cause for jealousy of his wife, he first implores her for an explanation, then silently allows her to depart his roof, and, finally, after the first paroxysm of grief and shame, springs up for revenge upon the man whom he supposes to have wronged him, was acted to perfection. I was less satisfied, though the audience generally were more enraptured, with a subsequent scene in which Fryer narrates his grievances as a story, and concludes by springing upon one of the "villains" of the drama, pushing him down, standing upon him, and then calling upon a New Year's festive party to "behold him gur-roveling at my feet!" The scenery was, as usual, of a high character. Among the effects may be enumerated an ice scene, in which the surface of a frozen pond is actually cracked by blows from a handspike, so as to allow a child to fall through into the depths below, an exterior of a guillotine at assize time, and a quarry at Portland, with convicts at work. Were I inclined to be hypercritical, I might observe that the geological formation of Portland is not red sandstone; but I must admit that if such were the case Portland would be more picturesque even than at present. Altogether, the piece was a decided hit, and I was not surprised to hear one of the audience thus deliver his opinion thereon to a friend, "Beats all the West-end pieces; don't it, Allick?"

"Macbeth" is to be a great event at DRURY LANE. The theatre has been closed for one evening in order to rehearse the scenic effects.

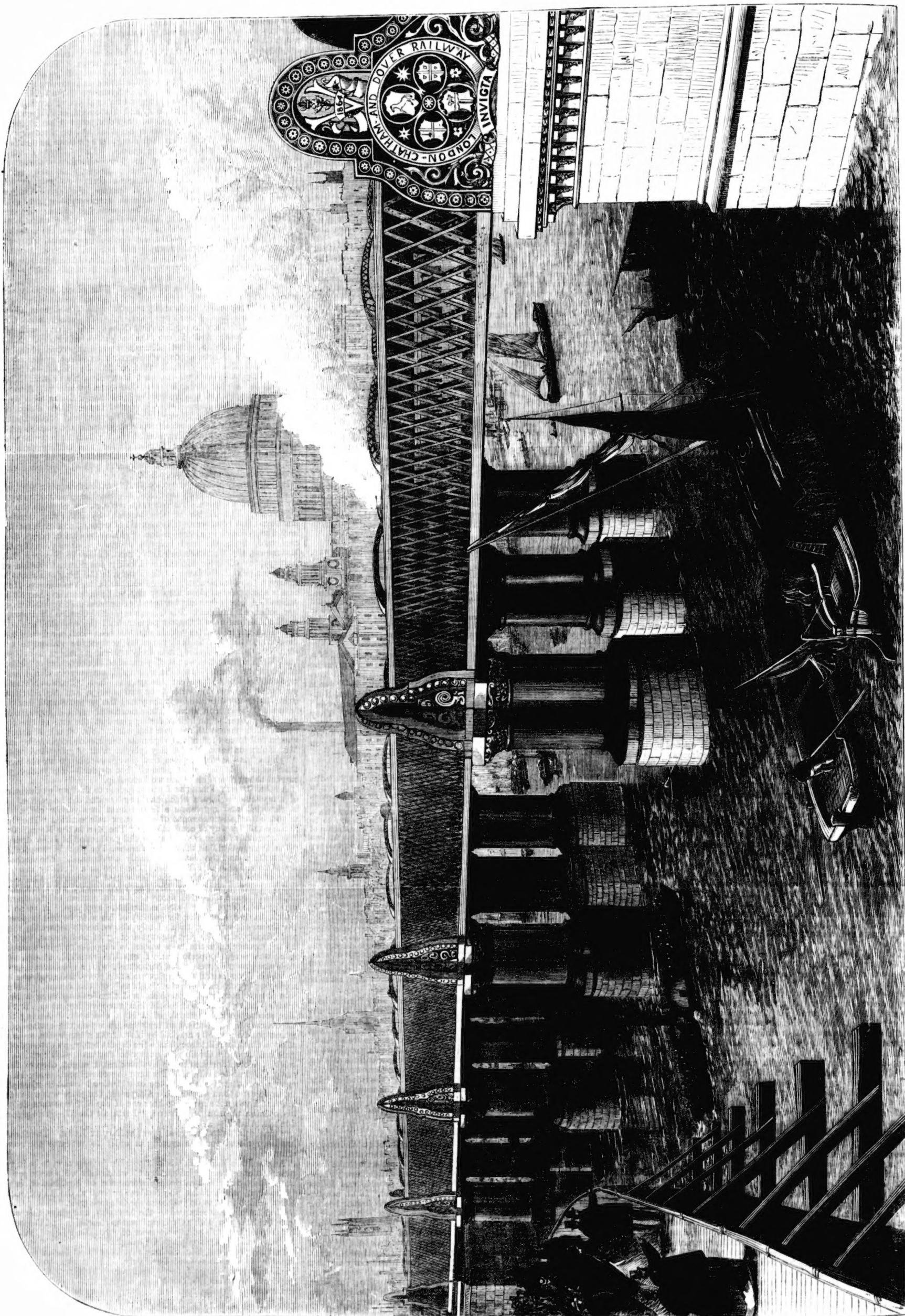
As the Irish M.P. said, "it is impossible for any man to be in two places at once, barring he's a bird!" which fact will excuse me for not noticing Mdlle. Beatrice's performance of Mrs. Haller, in the "Stranger," which dismal play has been revived at the HAYMARKET. Next week I trust to do justice to the fair foreigner.

Mrs. Stirling has returned to the ADELPHI, and plays, this week, in "The Sheep in Wolf's Clothing" and in the "Hen and Chickens." Mr. Boyle Bernard's admirable farce of "His Last Legs" has been revived, and Mr. Collins plays O'Callaghan.

In the provinces Mr. Sothern's success in "David Garrick" exceeds his success as Lord Dundreary. This is strange, but true. In Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Birmingham, his Garrick has drawn greater houses than his Dundreary, though this may be partially accounted for by the fact that country visitors to London theatres had seen Dundreary, but had not seen Garrick. In his native town, Liverpool, Mr. Sothern's success out-Sothern's Sothern.

THE LORD MAYOR ELECT, in accordance with established custom, was presented to the Lord Chancellor on Wednesday. His Lordship expressed her Majesty's approval of the choice which the citizens had made.





THE NEW RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE THAMES AT BLACKFRIARS.—(MR. CUBITT, ARCHITECT; MR. TURNER, ENGINEER.)—SEE PAGE 294.



## DEATH OF MR. JOHN LEECH.

JOHN LEECH, known to the public as one of the most kindly and the most graceful humourists that ever lived, known to his friends for a peculiar gentleness and refinement of character that at first sight seemed, as it were, in opposition to the robustness of his judgment, and therefore took many people by surprise, died, on Saturday evening last, at seven o'clock. Although he looked strong, Mr. Leech had been long a sufferer, and complained of sleeplessness; his incessant brainwork induced a peculiar irritability with which most persons have a tendency to jest rather than to sympathise. He was much affected by noise, and was literally driven from his house in Brunswick-square by street music. He hoped to get peace at Kensington, especially as he shut noise out by the device of double windows; but he had no peace; and in addition to the torment of the organs he came to be afflicted at early dawn by the hammer of some small mechanic. He was so unwell that during last summer he was obliged to go abroad, and was forbidden to indulge in his favourite exercise of riding on horseback. He came back better in the autumn, but still he was strangely susceptible to noise. At last his sufferings have come to an end. It is not a year since he stood in tears by the grave of his schoolfellow Thackeray, and now his friends will follow him, too, to his long home.

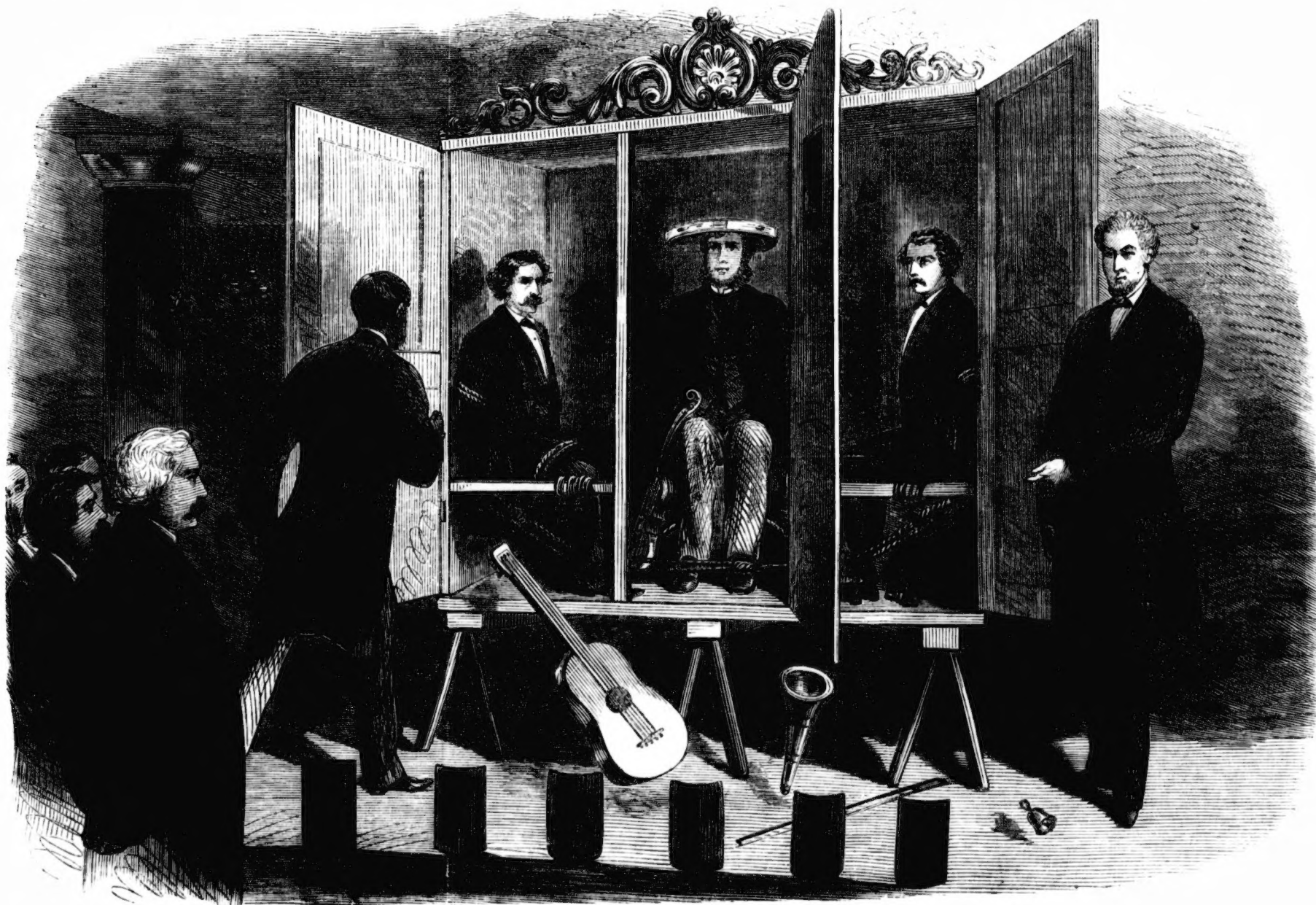
Although Mr. Leech lived to be forty-seven years of age, the record of his life is short and simple. He was born in London, in 1817, and was educated at the Charterhouse. He left school to study medicine, and walked the hospitals with Albert Smith and Perceval Leigh, who, like himself, forsook the study of the healing art for more congenial pursuits. John Leech's first efforts as a humorous draughtsman appeared in the pages of *Bell's Life in London*, to which paper he contributed a sketch weekly for something like a couple of years. Among these early works, which by no means shadowed forth the after excellence their author was destined to attain, by far the best was a series of sketches of some of the droller aspects of Parisian character which struck Leech on his first visit to the French capital. His first sketch in *Punch*, entitled "Foreign Affairs," appeared in the first week of August, 1841, and thenceforward the history of his life is to be seen week by week in the pages of that periodical. No doubt, he was also otherwise engaged. He contributed etchings to *Bentley's Miscellany* in its "Ingoldsby" days, illustrated his friend Albert Smith's novels, and hit off a few clever sketches for each of Dickens's Christmas stories. He was great, too, in *Punch's Almanack*. A Christmas time without two dozen sketches by Leech, full of the most graceful and delicate humour, would be a strange Christmas indeed, a Christmas which might as well be without holly and mistletoe, dancing and good cheer. He always took great pains as Christmas drew nigh, and year by year seemed to surpass himself in delicacies of touch and in the charm of his humour. But it was through the weekly pages of *Punch*, far more than through the yearly almanack, that Mr. Leech was best known to the public; and his life is there reflected. He goes to France, and draws a French scene; to Scotland, and draws a



JOHN LEECH, THE WELL-KNOWN "PUNCH" CARICATURIST.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Scotch one. Then his experiences of our social life—his pictures of balls, dinner parties, mess-rooms, bachelors' chambers, Rotten-row, gardens, parks, streets, watering-places, shooting parties, hunting-fields, boating, fishing, and we know not what else, make up such a history of his time as to the future historian will be invaluable. The fashion of the day, the passion of the hour, is reflected on his page as in a photograph. And while we have thus in his sketches a curiously complete history of certain phases of this Victorian era, we have also in them a picture and a chronicle of the artist's own life. Anyone, without knowing Mr. Leech personally, can detect in these sketches the work of a keen-sighted, hearty sort of man, healthy and broad in his sympathies, full of fun; but still more charmed with grace, and sensitive to beauty, fond of children, fond of dwelling on all youthful beauty, fond of beautiful dogs and horses, but, above all things, fond of truth and nature.

One cannot well speak of the ridiculous in itself as classical; and much of Mr. Leech's work concerned the ridiculous. But in him the sense of the grotesque and the love of satire were never allowed to interfere with, much less to over-ride, his attraction to whatever was beautiful and true. There never was a caricaturist who was so little a caricaturist; who could give the truth of nature on so many different sides, and seemed at the same time to have so quick an eye for whatever is lovely in nature. He drew with equal ease a fine lady and a crossing-sweeper; on the same page he would bewitch the reader of *Punch* with the loveliest of little maidens, and provoke him with the vulgarest of upstarts. And he was always seeing and drawing something new. Suddenly we should be astonished with some sea-piece in which the billows were rendered with wonderful skill. Or we had some mountain scenery, or a glade in a wood, or ploughed fields, or standing corn. He never stood still. When we wondered what should come next, we had some rare sky, some curious effect of light. And all this display of scenery was the mere background to views in which men, and women, and children were the chief objects of interest. All seemed to flow from his pencil so easily that people scarcely understood how hard he worked. He must have worked very hard to produce so much variety in constant succession week after week for more than twenty years. A good, great man, of fine and rare genius, has gone from among us, and we shall not know how much he was to us until we discover by his loss that Nature does not often produce such artists as John Leech. One of our greatest artists, Sir Edwin Landseer, has said that there is scarcely a sketch of Mr. Leech's which is not worthy to be framed by itself and hung on our walls. Other artists are equally strong in his praise. No man envied him. The public at large think more of the human interest that belongs to his drawings and the amusement which may be derived from them. But, over and above this, they have qualities which, notwithstanding the lowliness of the material employed, will hereafter confer on Mr. Leech's sketches a very high renown as works of art.



THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS.



### THE BROTHERS DAVENPORT.

DURING the past month the public attention, when it was not occupied by the trial of Franz Müller, has been directed to reports of the performances of two young men from America, known as the Brothers Davenport, who—professing to be mediums for the manifestations of departed spirits, or professing nothing, but contriving to let this condition be universally understood, and denying any personal interference with respect to the phenomena of which they are the subjects—have appeared two or three times in private assemblies and twice to a select audience at the Hanover-square Rooms.

At present they seem to have secured from amongst the believers in so-called "spiritualism" as much credence as was accorded to the Marshalls and to Mr. Home; and although their exhibition is of the nature of sleight-of-hand performed with extraordinary skill, they rely on the declaration that they are merely the instruments of spirit manifestations, and utterly discountenance any attempt to explain their modus operandi; or, it must also be said, to discover it.

Ira Erastus and William Henry Davenport were born in the city of Buffalo, New York, U.S., the former on Sept. 17, 1839, and the latter Feb. 1, 1841. Their father was an American, and their mother an Englishwoman, a native of the county of Kent. It is claimed on their behalf by the parties who have brought them to this country that in their earliest childhood they gave evidence of the marvellous experiences that have since rendered their names celebrated all over the American continent. These same parties even go so far as to state that, while yet children, they were often suddenly taken up and carried about the room by some invisible power; that articles of furniture were moved violently in their presence, and at times when no one was present but themselves; that at their command mysterious sounds were heard, musical notes and tunes often being called forth; that occasionally human hands, having no connection with visible bodies, were seen and touched; that distinct articulate voices were heard, as if in conversation. General curiosity being gradually aroused, we are told that, under the guardianship of their parents, they travelled about and gave free exhibitions of the so-called phenomena for a period of three years. They afterwards came before the public charging a fee for admission to their sances, and appear to have exhibited altogether in the States for something like eleven years. It is reported that on several occasions "they have submitted to imprisonment, where bigotry, outraging law and common-sense, has sought by that agency to destroy what it could not understand."

Of the performances of the Brothers Davenport since their arrival in this country which have taken place at private houses, including a sance at the residence of Mr. Boucicault, who may be regarded as their guide, philosopher, and friend, nothing need be said; but the two exhibitions which were made at the Hanover-square Rooms may be believed fairly to represent the powers displayed by the performers, whether they give them a personal explanation or attribute them to occult influences.

The Brothers Davenport are two small, slender, but muscular young men, presenting the appearance of training which is common to most acrobatic performers, and notwithstanding their pale looks, are lithe and muscular in figure. The reports of what they had exhibited at those private sances, which are always stated to be so much more successful than public exhibitions, had roused no little curiosity, and, after a series of reports, which varied considerably in their representations of the marvels effected, the following card was issued:—

EXPERIENCES OF THE DAVENPORT BROTHERS IN PRETERNATURAL PHILOSOPHY.—The phenomena occurring in their presence have been differently ascribed by some to what is termed "spiritual agency"—by others to legerdemain. Some attribute them to a power analogous to mesmerism, influence, and resident in the human body, the nature of which is at present unknown. The operators themselves are in ignorance of the means employed, and of the source of the power they possess. The pleasure of your company is requested at a sance to be held on Tuesday, Oct. 18, evening, at 7½ o'clock, Hanover-square Rooms.—I am, yours, &c., H. D. PALMER, Manager of the Davenport Brothers. Admitting one person only—not transferable.

It would appear that, beside their manager, Mr. Palmer, the brothers Davenport are attended by a Mr. Fay and a Dr. Ferguson, whose duties in relation to them are not very distinctly defined; so that, in fact, the party, if not the performance, includes five persons.

The properties which are necessary to the exhibition consist of a large oaken cabinet furnished with doors, one of which at least contains an aperture at a considerable height from the ground; round the interior of this cabinet is placed a seat perforated with holes, through which may be passed the ropes by which the performers are bound. The doors are bolted from the inside, and when the brothers are bound they have with them their musical instruments, consisting of a tambourine, fiddle, guitar, bell, speaking-trumpet, and something resembling an enormous brass candlestick. These and the thin Manila ropes with which they are tied are the only apparent objects provided.

The gentlemen selected to bind the performers on the first occasion were Mr. Charles Reade, the novelist, and Mr. John Hollingshead, the latter gentleman being himself no mean adept in sleight-of-hand.

The brothers sat opposite each other at each end of the cabinet, and were tied according to their own directions. The ropes were secured tightly round their wrists and ankles and also fastened through holes in the seats. Their wrists were tied behind them, but the whole muscular system of each man was left practically free, this being a condition which the performers insist upon. The knots, of which there were many, were not sealed; and one suggestion that they should be bound with packthread was not acceded to. The floor of the cabinet being covered with the musical instruments, the three swing-doors of the cabinet were closed, and the noises immediately began. The instruments were kicked and sounded, one was thrown out of a small loophole in the centre door, a hand was several times thrust through the same aperture, on one occasion holding and ringing a bell; after this there was a wild concert, accompanied by battering on the panels of the cabinet. When this noise ceased, the doors were thrown open by Dr. Ferguson and the two gentlemen appointed by the audience, when the two brothers were discovered seated, and tied to all appearance as they were before the doors were closed. The doors were again shut, and, after the lapse of about three minutes, the brothers were discovered free, with all the ropes lying at their feet. Once more they were shut in, and, in about five minutes, they were discovered securely tied again in a very similar fashion. The same performances were repeated when their hands were filled with flour. Mr. Charles Reade took a seat in the cabinet between the two brothers with his hands secured as tightly as theirs, but resting on their knees, and when the doors were opened he was discovered decorated with all the musical and discordant instruments. The tambourine was placed on his head in the form of a crown, and he said that he had felt hands passing over him in the dark, although he could detect no movement on the part of the performers.

The gas having been lowered so as to leave the room almost in darkness, the visitors formed a ring, holding hands, and waited for manifestations, none of which, however, were forthcoming. After the room was cleared of one half the visitors another ring was formed, but not even a "flying guitar" could be prevailed upon to take a flight round the room. The only apparent manifestation of the Home, Forster, and Marshall kind was the appearance of the "spirit hand," or at least the appearance of something in the aperture in the door of the cabinet, while the brothers were bound within it; but on Mr. Charles Reade endeavouring to grasp it with some difficulty, on account of its position behind a small opening, he was unable to do so.

The second performance which has since been held in the same room was almost of a private character, and though the first part of the evening passed in a similar manner to that of the previous "manifestations," that part of the performance supposed to belong more peculiarly to the spirits was more successful than it had proved to be in the presence of an audience whose scepticism was doubtless distasteful to these occult intelligences. On a table in the darkened room were placed the musical instruments, one of the Messrs.

Davenport and Mr. Fay being bound to chairs on each side, whilst of the other members of their party, Dr. Ferguson held the hand of Mr. Carter Hall, and Messrs. Palmer and Ira Davenport sat at some little distance. On the lights being extinguished, the instruments emitted sounds, and at length were dashed from the table with considerable violence, when, on a light being struck directly, the two exhibitors, who had been tied by the company, seemed to be as secure in their seats as ever. On the instruments being replaced on the table, and the lights extinguished again, the former began to move about the room, the tambourine shaking violently, and the guitar vibrating gently. No other sounds could be detected, and it was declared by one or two gentlemen who extended their feet that they felt nobody pass them within the distance measured by their legs.

It is right to say that, as in the performance with the ropes, the Brothers Davenport exact that they shall not be bound in a way which shall confine their muscles, and that in the public exhibition, at least, Dr. or Mr. Ferguson stands on the platform quite close to the wardrobe, which he frequently touches; so that in both this and the musical performance the light is diminished. In the latter it is almost extinguished, and the persons present are compelled to pass their word that they will not "break hands." So much for what has been exhibited by these young men as the results of spiritual manifestations, which, to judge from what has been done, the several opponents who have already come forward to expose what they declare to be the performance of an extraordinarily clever trick, must soon furnish new proofs of their origin if they are intended to convince the sceptical.

Professor Anderson, "the Wizard of the North," who has always been an earnest opponent of "spirit-rapping," declared from the first that there was nothing in this performance which could not be effected by a certain proficiency in sleight-of-hand and the art of "conjuring." To prove this, he invited a large number of visitors to a sance at St. James's Hall; and on Tuesday, the 26th of October, above two hundred persons assembled there in order to discover that at least that part of the Davenport performance known as "the rope trick" was to be easily effected by human agency and in open daylight. The Professor had had a cabinet made similar to that used by the Brothers Davenport; and after he had introduced his younger daughter and his treasurer (Mr. Sutton) as the performers, a committee of several well-known literary gentlemen was appointed to take charge of the proceedings and watch the cabinet.

Previous to the proceedings, however, Mr. Anderson made a short address. He said he had no personal feeling against the Brothers Davenport on this occasion, and no professional jealousy of their legitimate success. He was a conjuror himself, and was not conscious of any enmity towards his honest fellow-labourers, or the success of a vocation which was, and would ever be, his own. All he protested against was the attempt to claim for conjuring a false character, and to refer to supernatural agency that which could be produced by purely human means. The experiments then began. Mr. Wakley was selected to tie up Mr. Sutton, and he did it so effectually that the exhibitor became powerless. He was bound across the chest in addition to the tying of his hands and legs, and it seems this precaution rendered him immovable. Miss Anderson then stepped forward, and was tied by Dr. Rice, but not across the chest; and then, being lifted into the cabinet, and secured firmly to its seat, the doors were closed, and in a few minutes she succeeded in disengaging herself. Mr. Sutton was then bound again, this time with his chest free, and by a sailor who was supposed to have a peculiar knowledge of the art of lashing, and then lifted into the cabinet, and secured to its seat in turn. He also, in a few minutes, succeeded in throwing off his bonds. These successes were, of course, received with loud applause by the audience. A fourth experiment then ensued. Both Miss Anderson and Mr. Sutton were bound again, and secured in the cabinet; and, on the door being shut, in a few minutes most of the sounds, whether musical or otherwise, which the Davenport Brothers produce in the cabinet, were also made by these exhibitors; its sides were knocked, its instruments were played, though not to the extent of a tune, a candlestick and other implements were ejected through the window, at which presently appeared a hand, whether spiritual or not Mr. Sutton can best explain, and whence there came, immediately afterwards, the coat which that gentleman had safely upon his back when he was bound.

It must be admitted, however, that on this occasion Miss Anderson was not very successful in her attempt to rebid herself; but it was afterwards stated that she had only had a few days' practice.

This performance was repeated on Wednesday last, when, before its commencement, Mr. Anderson addressed the audience, stating that he had no ill-feeling to the Davenport Brothers or Mr. Palmer, to whom he had, thirteen years ago, taught his first lesson in conjuring. He narrated a conversation which he said he had with Mr. Palmer recently at the Piccadilly entrance to the hall, and which, if correctly repeated, was equal to an admission by Mr. Palmer of the humbug of the whole affair. Then, very much to the surprise of Professor Anderson, and equally to the astonishment of an audience which was so far thoroughly with him, up jumped Mr. Palmer himself and gave the gentleman on the platform the lie direct. He said the conversation as given by Mr. Anderson was entirely false. The professor appealed to Mr. Austin, the keeper of the ticket-office, who was present at the time; but Mr. Austin very wisely declined to have anything to say in the matter. Mr. Anderson said he had not before challenged the Davenport Brothers; but he then gave a general challenge, to the effect that if they would come on that platform and let him tie them, he would bind them so that they could not get loose; and if they would throw the tambourines and other things about in the light as they did in the dark he would give them £500. And he would do this at any time the Brothers or Mr. Palmer thought proper to name.

Miss Lizzie Anderson then appeared, dressed in black cloth trousers and a loose black jacket, opening at the breast, and with slashed sleeves. In reply to Mr. Anderson's request, the audience chose to represent them on the stage nine gentlemen, among whom were Mr. Frank Buckland, Mr. Arthur Sketcheley, and Mr. Willes, better known in sporting and literary circles as "Argus." The cabinet was brought forward from the back of the stage and placed a little way behind the footlights. Mr. Frank Buckland was chosen to bind Miss Anderson, which he did with very great care, but not very elaborately. The young lady was then lifted into the cabinet, the doors were shut, and in three minutes fifteen seconds the ropes were thrown out of the hole in the door, and immediately afterwards Miss Anderson appeared free. But the knots in the rope were not untied; Miss Anderson had wriggled out of them. Mr. Anderson's treasurer (Mr. Sutton) now appeared, and, as well as Miss Anderson, was tied in the cabinet by legs and arms with ropes which passed through holes in their seats. The doors were shut, and soon there came from musical instruments that had been placed near the performers a noise, probably intended for music, and certainly as inharmonious as the cabinet concert of the Brothers Davenport. On the doors being opened, the performers were found to be tied, but Mr. Sutton's ligatures had evidently been shifted. Then, on the closing of the doors, a hand was shown at the hole and a tambourine and drumstick were thrown at Mr. Sketcheley. The performers were again exhibited bound; and, finally, they untied themselves and were once more free. Then Miss Lizzie Anderson tied herself inside the cabinet, in 4 min. 45 sec., in such an elaborate way that it took Mr. Sketcheley over eight minutes to unbind her. This was, in truth, the cleverest part of the business; for she had her hands tied behind her and her legs literally wreathed with coils of rope, while her waist and wrists were joined to her ankles by ropes in the way convicts used to be shackled in irons. Mr. Anderson then announced that the performance was over, to be repeated next Monday, when, if Sir R. Mayne would allow the attendance of an experienced officer from Scotland-yard, the release would be effected from handcuffs.

The "rope trick," however, is already being performed in a public manner at Astley's, where Mr. Redmond, who has already been mentioned in the daily papers as having given some wonderful, but

hitherto little recognised, performances at Brighton—is securely bound, and afterwards tied in a sack, from which, as well as from his bonds, he frees himself in a couple of minutes, during which he is placed behind a screen.

On Wednesday evening Herr Tolmaque gave a sance at St. Martin's Hall. This performer comes forward as the originator of the rope tying and untying trick, a claim on his part which is certainly too ridiculous to require refutation. Captain Burton, the celebrated African traveller, was chosen by the audience to tie up Herr Tolmaque on this occasion, and ascended the platform for that purpose, but at once declared that the rope provided was too thick for the required purpose. Herr Tolmaque protested that it was no thicker than the rope used to tie up the Davenport Brothers; but no one who has seen the two ropes would be likely to agree in this opinion. A certain amount of dumb show then ensued, the African traveller approaching the conjuror at the front of the stage like the lover in the old-fashioned ballet entreating his coy mistress to dance; and the conjuror retreating and waving his hands deprecatingly, like the coy mistress aforesaid. The audience growing impatient to know the meaning of these singular demonstrations Herr Tolmaque came forward and said that he declined to be tied "like a wild beast." Captain Burton signified that he did not want to tie him in any such fashion. Herr Tolmaque said he warned Captain Burton that he could not allow his circulation to be stopped, and that Captain Burton replied that he could not be tied without the circulation being to some extent checked. Then arose a long and noisy altercation, in which the audience took part by cheering, groaning, laughing, and otherwise rather vociferously expressing their feelings. At last Captain Burton walked off the stage, and a vivacious dialogue ensued between Herr Tolmaque and Captain Burton, during which the former was heard to insist that the latter must not attempt "to smile at him," whereupon Captain Burton, still smiling, resumed his seat and said no more. At length, after many delays and interruptions, a gentleman came and tied Herr Tolmaque, whereupon another gentleman declared that the tie was only "a common slip-knot, which anybody could open;" and a new wrangling began. Finally, however, Herr Tolmaque was tied and placed behind a paper screen, and he untied himself very quickly and thrust his hands through the fragile front of the screen. He was then tied up a second time; on this occasion by Mr. Buckland and another gentleman, and, being placed behind the screen, hands were soon seen appearing through the openings, and a charivari with the guitar, bell, and tambourine ensued. In a few minutes the screen was removed and Herr Tolmaque appeared unbound as before. This was the whole sum of the performance. It has been so often and so convincingly proved that the rope tying and untying feat is a piece of ordinary conjuring, that we cannot pretend to have been much interested in Herr Tolmaque's performance.

It was absurd to call it an exposure of the Brothers Davenport, for, first of all, the Brothers had allowed Captain Burton to tie them in his own way, and had not remonstrated against being tied like beasts. Again, the Brothers are tied up with cord not half the thickness of the cord provided by Herr Tolmaque, and not, as Herr Tolmaque was, by a single cord, but by half a dozen cords at least; and, further, at the very instant the so-called "manifestations" are at their height the doors of the cabinet fly open and discover the Brothers Davenport, not unbound, as Herr Tolmaque was, but bound; and, on the cords being inspected by the parties who bound them, the former are obliged to admit that the knots are to all appearance the very ones made by them. Like the rest of the sensible portion of the community, we believe the Davenport manifestations to be the result of sleight-of-hand; but they are none the less marvellous on that account.

### THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT BLACKFRIARS.

NONE of our metropolitan improvements have ever been carried forward with less waste of time than those connected with the great bridges at Blackfriars. Only sixteen months have elapsed since the foundation stone of the railway bridge was laid, and already it is completely finished to its least details, except the ornamental painting and gilding. Never has a new bridge of any kind been built across the Thames in a shorter time.

The railway bridge which has just been finished is the finest work of that kind which we have yet got across the river, and but for the close proximity of new Blackfriars, which destroys its outline from the water, it would really be a grand ornament to the Thames. Unlike that at Victoria, where economy was studied at the expense of effect; or that at Hungerford, where the exigencies of railway traffic had to be reconciled to the architecture of a light suspension-bridge, Blackfriars enjoys the advantage of having been designed for its work from the outset, and no one can look at its massive groups of columns, and the bold yet light superstructure of girders which they carry, without feeling that Messrs. Cubitt and Turner, its architect and engineer, have been singularly happy in their choice of its design. When its columns are painted of a deep chocolate colour, and their capitals enriched with gilding; when the ornamental castings which conceal the junction of the girders are painted with enamel and gilded in parts, the general effect will be even more considerably heightened. There are few, however, when these two fine structures are completed, who will not regret the unlucky fatality which placed them just so far apart as to prevent their being united in one, and yet just so close together as to hide each other and bring their inharmonious lines into the most unsightly conjunction possible.

During the progress of the works connected with this bridge full accounts from time to time were given in our columns of its method and general principles of construction. It is not necessary, therefore, to re-enter upon detailed description here, more than to say that the bridge is a girder bridge for four lines of rails. Only three girders are used, that in the centre having to bear the weight and strain of all the cross beams from both the outer girders which meet upon it, being made in proportion much deeper and stronger. The lattice bars of iron which form the open-work sides of these girders are made to resist alternately compression and tension. The tension rods, if we may so call them, are mere bands of wrought iron, but the struts to resist compression may be known at once by their great solidity, and by each pair being coupled together with powerful iron stays to keep them rigid and prevent them yielding outwardly under the pressure, which always tries wrought iron so severely. These bracings are made to intersect each other everywhere at their points, so that in case of an engine getting off the rails and cutting one, it would have no effect on the stability of the structure—a great improvement on some other girder bridges, where there are no intersections of the struts and ties, and where a similar accident happening would infallibly bring down the whole span. Every part of the ironwork which is exposed to the action of the air has been so placed as to be easily painted by the most ordinary hand labour, while the troughs of the girders have been thickly lined with asphalt, so that the slightest chance of rust is carefully guarded against.

From the northern abutment the line is being carried on brick arches, of great width and strength, parallel with the eastern side of Bridge-street and Farringdon-street, to a point of junction with the Metropolitan Railway on the western side of Smithfield. In its course it crosses Earl-street, Union-street, Ludgate-hill, and Snow-hill—the three first by viaducts of wrought iron, and the last by a tunnel under the projected Holborn-valley Improvement. In Bridge-street, immediately facing Radley's Hotel, a large and commodious passenger-station is being erected, harmonising in its general appearance with that on the southern side of the river at Blackfriars, and having a frontage of about 150 ft. in width, extending from Union-street northwards. Broad as Bridge-street is and ought to be, the station stands well back from the present line of thoroughfare to admit of convenient approaches to it, and of the street itself being widened, which it probably will be at some future time, having regard to the convenience of the ordinary street traffic between the two sides of the river by the new bridge at Blackfriars, and to admit of a suitable junction with the Thames embankment.



## OUR FEUILLETON.

## THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

TWELVE NOON.—LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

Is that his dorg? Well, yes, he is, and he aint, in a manner o' speakin'. I might a' seen a little lass as brought him his bit o' dinner (it was a savoury stew in a huge yellow basin); well, the dorg followed her home one night, and they'd kept him ever since—leastways, he "finds himself." Goes out for a turn in the mornin' and comes back just afore twelve as reglar as clockwork, then takes another turn towards the arternoon, an' picks up a livin' somehow about the butchers' shops, or may be has bits saved for him in the gentlefolks' airies.

Has read somewhere or other—(I come upon him at an auspicious moment, when his heart is opened by good cheer)—has read somewhere, in some of these 'ere periodicals, that the Injuns look forard to their dorgs havin' a free admission to heaven, where they'll jine company again arter they're dead; an' don't see why it shouldn't be, for his part. There's some dorgs as he'd sooner trust than a good many men, and that's more like fellow-creatures, a precious deal.

Seeing, by the production of a short pipe, that he is in a conversationally contemplative mood, and the corner which he has selected being retired and favourable to the interchange of opinion, I venture to touch upon other topics as connected with the great subject of "the working man." His opinion generally is that what the working man wants is to be let alone, or else put in the way of doin' somethin' of his own accord—work, or otherways; but not to be perpetually jawed at. One way or another, there's a little too much talk, that's his opinion. There's the Institoot now, the Mechanics' Institoot—the place as belonged to old Bowerpeg, that used to be a tea-garden, but got into difficulties and was built over. Well, the gents that come down there to lecter might mean well,—he admitted they might mean well, but they mostly, don't I see, look upon the men as though they was in an infant school; and, one way or another, they're a size or so too big for infants most on 'em. And perhaps there's some as liked the place better when Bowerpeg had it, 'specially when he went into the Licensed Witting, when it was too late and didn't answer. Then, in the matter of a drop o' beer, brick-layin's a different thing to lecterin', or readin', or mixin' up of gases, or what-not, an' tea aint always handy when you've been hard at it all day.

Not but what, he concedes, that there's no sense in settin' night after night in the public-house—he himself don't hold with that; but some of them there gents as lecters to the workin' man, an' writes tracks or what-not, they talk as though they expect him and his mates to go home an' put on a black tail-coat after work of an evening, an' set down a readin' an' a figurin' with books about politick economy or something. Now how's it possible, he'd ask me, for men to go on that way; mightn't he jest as well ask them there gents to take a spell with a hod o' bricks up a ladder? Not but what they mean uncommon well, no doubt; an' they might do some good if they'd only look upon the workin' men as men, and not want to train 'em up when they're pretty well trained up already, one way or another. He was havin' a bit o' talk with one of the lecturers as 'ad been a goin' on at the Institoot one night, and he says to him, "We can't put on your clothes; our corderoys an' fustians suits our line better, and they may be mended, but they can't be altered into somethin' else. No more our ways can't; they can be improved, maybe, an' some old ways left off, but not right out of the pattern and out o' new stuff—taint reasonable, that aint. This was the conversation, don't I see, as took place between him and that there gent.

He doesn't know exactly what Liberty is, if it aint people managin' their own affairs pretty much as they like, or at all events without bein' looked after an' jawed at, every hand's turn. Now this is where it is that most Institoots an' people's clubs, an' what not, don't answer in the long run. No more model lodgin'-houses don't, mostways. That's where it is, there's a deal too much o' the model about 'em; an' what with one thing or another poor people think they might as well a' most go into the House at once. By House he means the Union, which seems to him the sort of pattern that one or two of the "Dwellin's" has been built after. Not but what they're solid as to workmanship, and—barrin' the stairs an' the long whitewash corridors, which is awfully like the House, surely—the rooms all right an' comfortable. But there's somethin' in the old sayin' that an Englishman's house is his castle,—which, as far as he can reckon it, means there's no with yer leave nor by yer leave so long as the rent's all square, an' you can shut anybody else out, or walk off with yer door key in your pocket and no questions asked.

Knew a man as liv'd in one o' the model blocks once, an' he said it was like the model prison without the diet, an' a workus with the landlord for a board every Saturday. As for him, he'd always had a little place of his own, an' as handy as he could to his work, so as he could have his vittles brought to him without goin' to the Public to brile a bit o' steak or a beef skirt—mostly toughish and a good deal o' cinders—at the tap-room fire. Then he likes to see little 'Liza an' the dorg. Seems like bein' at home a'most; and he's at liberty to have his dinner how he likes without takin' anythin' for the good o' the house when it don't do him no good. No. The model buildins is like what he was sayin' about the clothes—they aint made for the use o' the workin' man as he is in himself, but for somebody quite different, and they do somehow seem to be a misfit. Well, no; he never knew anybody as did believe in Equality—that he fancied was in a manner proved by the way the people went on as lectured about the rights o' the people, and all that. As far as he could make out, they was for kickin' up a row about the rights o' the people when it served their turn, and keepin' the people off from comin' too close at the same time. It seems to him that there aint no rights nor no wrongs to be altered by a man goin' about after this, an' that, an' t'other, trades' unions an' the rest, an' leavin' his wife and young uns on the parish. There's equality there, though, it's true, when you're once inside the walls o' the union, an' aint a favourite o' the master or the board.

Why, there aint even equality at the club, when you come to think what a pull the landlord of the public an' the society's officers gets out of it. There's been nothing for it but to have clubs, an' they must be held somewhere where the men as get together can jine in a drop o' beer an' a pipe if they're so minded; but not to that extent that it is done. There's no equality, neither, with the trustees as lends, or is supposed to lend, the club money when it's hard up, an' takes the interest on it. There's no equality when the club pays the visitors half-a-crown a piece for carryin' five shillin's to a member as is on the sick list. There's no equality when the landlord's the treasurer, perpetual and unaltered. There is equality in the watery sort o' beer as is too often served up, to say nothing o' the goes o' sperrits a good deal under proof, which is, perhaps, all for the best; and there is equality in makin' the members each of 'em buy a pewter token every club night, price fourpence, which was obliged to be took out in beer or sperrits aforesaid.

As for Fraternity, which, he's heard, is all one as brotherly feelin'; there's a many societies, friendly, burial, or what not, where the members calls one another brother so an' so; and he aint a goin' to say that there's no ground for it. Bad as the workin' men may be, they've got a feelin' for each other when things go cross; but that, as far as he can make out, don't come through the lecturers, nor yet, he's bound to say, through the agents, as they're called, as goes here and there, travellin' about the country, enjoyin' of themselves, and gettin' up unions, an' what not, where they nail subscriptions to go further, but not, as the sayin' is, to fare worse.

There's no equality nor fraternity to be got out of that lot, as ever he knew; no, nor yet no liberty. If I'll excuse his sayin' so, there's more of all three in our conversation together. But, conversation and such games as we've been a-takin' about is one thing, and goin' about your work's another, aint it? And here comes little 'Liza and the dorg to fetch away his dinner things. T. A.

TWELVE P.M.—WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

When a few men are brought together clothed in a little brief authority to take part in a ceremony, there is always one man present who takes upon himself all the trouble, who domineers and dominates. He will have it all his own way. He has a passion for law-giving. He delights in framing regulations. Wherever he is he must be absolute leader. At home he is an oracle on every conceivable subject of human interest. He knows everything much better than everybody else. He is the wisest man in his generation. Meet him in an omnibus, and it is he who is the leading person in it; the rest are listening. Crossing the Channel, you will find him on the paddle-box, describing the proper way the ship should be taken into port, and shaking his head ominously over the manner in which the captain is handling his craft. Of course he is director of a company. He shines at a board meeting almost as much as he does at a funeral. He frames innumerable resolutions, puts them under the eyes of the chairman, in an authoritative manner, as if asking who should dare to say nay to them. Mr. Solon Smith has written that resolution with his own hand. It is therefore to be carried *sem. con.* He would very much like to see the man who should even hint at an amendment. Solon Smith is, I need hardly say, a conspicuous figure in his parish. His periods about the British Constitution and the extraordinary value of municipal rights are splendid. His vestry-hall has been made classic ground by the music of his unparalleled eloquence. His patriotism has made him famous from one end of his parish to the other; albeit it has, according to the unimpeachable testimony of Mrs. Solon Smith, materially injured his business. It has been the misfortune of his great mind to devote itself to his species rather than to his customers. He is an adept in the transaction of other people's business. He shines in the government of matters that in no way concern him. At a wedding feast it is he who says what should and what should not be done. Who would dare to propose the health of the bride in the presence of Mr. Solon Smith? The ladies, one and all, declare it is quite a treat to hear him speak, and they shed tears copiously when in solemn tones, but paternal withal in their tenderness, he proceeds to regulate the future life of the happy couple for them. Are there not pitfalls, and many, on the road from the cradle to the grave? and is it not the mission of Mr. Solon Smith to direct how these pitfalls are to be avoided? Christenings are advantageous opportunities also for the exercise of Mr. Smith's powers. He charms the maternal heart by dwelling, champagne in hand, on the way in which the young idea should be reared. He draws a picture of the infant puling in its nurse's arms, and then of the perfect man—made perfect by the teachings of Solon Smith. Nay; but take Mr. Solon Smith at a funeral, if you would see him to perfection. With bated breath, he directs every part of the mournful ceremonial. His are the lips that pour comfort into the mourner's ear. It is he who reminds the bereaved family that in the midst of life we are in death; and it is he who decides, with a manner that admits of no appeal, whether the maternal uncle of the deceased should go in the coach before the paternal uncle. He knows to a hair's breadth the depth of hatband that should be worn for a defunct cousin-german. His critical eye scans the funeral baked meats, and would detect an improper article in the largest collection.

But it is when he is summoned "to be and appear" before her Majesty's Judges and justices at ten o'clock in the forenoon precisely, when her Majesty is pleased to command him "to inquire, present, do, and execute all and singular" those things which he should be then and there enjoying that Mr. Solon Smith appears to full advantage. He is warned in the summons not to fail, "as he will answer the contrary at his peril." Fail! Should some accident happen to Solon Smith, he would be carried to the Old Bailey, and borne to his post of duty as the great Chatham was supported into the House of Lords. The position of foreman seemed to be his as a matter of right whenever he joined a jury. He at once regarded his fellow-jurymen as so many puppets or automata, of which he held the key. He was proof against the blandishments of council. No Buzfuz was ever permitted to warp by his tawdry pathos the immaculate judgment of Mr. Solon Smith. His adamant countenance was statueque in its repose while a passionate appeal for the prisoner was proceeding. The counsel for the unfortunate man in the dock appealed to the jury as fathers of families, as husbands, as sons—nay, as grandsons and cousins—yet not one glance of compassion, not the faintest symptom of wavering, appeared upon the features of Solon Smith, foreman of the jury. The advocate brought forth many ingenious suggestions in favour of his client. He did his very utmost to prove an alibi. He erected two or three hypotheses by which he pretended to show that—although the bloody knife was found in the prisoner's pocket, and notwithstanding the irresistible evidence of the prisoner's stained wristbands, and the fact that he was seen getting out of the window of the room where the man was found murdered a few minutes after cries of "Murder!" were heard ringing through the neighbourhood; and, again, albeit the watch of the victim was drawn by a policeman from the fob of the prisoner—it was quite possible his interesting client's hands were as guiltless of bloodshed as those of the newly-born babe.

Mr. Solon Smith sternly folded his arms, and upon his features there passed the faintest sign of contempt which he shed round the court, meaning to say of the counsel for the prisoner,

"Has this man the impudence to imagine for a single moment that I am to be gulled by these shallow forensic artifices? Can he possibly be aware that he is addressing Mr. Solon Smith? But the British public will shortly see that I am not to be led from my duty to my country by barristers' horsehair."

And then Mr. Solon Smith fell back in his seat with an air of patient resignation to listen to what the Judge might have to say for and against the prisoner. Mr. Solon Smith did the Lord Chief Justice of England the honour of agreeing with him in the main. Mr. Smith marked the progress of the Judge's summing up with occasional smiles of benign approval, which it was doubtless his intimate opinion would be a comfort and a pride to his Lordship.

Then came the moment when the jury were requested to consider their verdict, and to dismiss from their minds any rumours from without that affected the case; in short, to be, at any rate for the nonce, something like honest, upright, conscientious Englishmen.

Now it always appeared to Mr. Solon Smith rational, and in the proper course of things, that directly he had made up his mind on a question, and had delivered his opinion on it, it was then and thenceforth settled. He had an air, as I have hinted already, of authority that imposed upon most of the units of the human family with which he came in contact. He was, therefore, a man likely to be exceedingly irate whenever the soundness of his logic should be doubted. He turned towards his fellow-jurymen, and in a few words gave them his reasons why they should find the prisoner guilty; the strongest reason being that he, Mr. Solon Smith, had concluded to convict. There are, unhappily—human nature being imperfect, and prone to err—men of mind so crabbed and soured that they will not thankfully and silently follow and abide by the teachings of the gifted Solon Smiths. They will have an opinion of their own. They will—so greatly is their nature alloyed with vanity—occasionally be impertinent enough to think for themselves. It happens generally that these audacious spirits, who will not be governed by the golden wisdom of a Solon Smith, have a most obstinate and dogged knack of holding to their opinion. They close their ears and shut their lips. In vain the Solon Smiths display their rhetorical powers. The jury must retire, and the Court must wait for the verdict. Mr. Solon Smith, as he stalks from the jury-box, is full of wrath. He follows his fellow-jurymen with a determination of making short work of them when he gets them into a room. He sees no flaw in his own argument, while in theirs he notes only the feebleness of imperfectly-developed intelligence. But he has mistaken his men. They will not confess themselves in the wrong in deference to the mighty intellect of their foreman. Nay, to his dismay, Mr. Solon Smith discovers that a majority of his fellow-jurymen oppose him. Does it occur to him to yield to the majority? No. What is the weight of seven or eight ordinary intelligences when put in the scales against the intelligence of Mr. Solon Smith? He feels that he would be doing a wrong to

the prisoner and to his country by giving way. Again and again, as the hours go by, he endeavours to bring the blind and perverse jurymen with whom he is associated to reason—that is to say, to agreement with him. Has he not told them—ay, and conclusively proved to them—that the whole case lies in a nutshell? They shake their stubborn heads, and fold their arms, and will not be converted to the opinion of Smith. One insolently folds himself to rest, having intimated that he has said his last word, and that the conclusion he has reached is final. Another draws closely-packed refreshment from his pockets, intimating thereby that he is prepared to be locked up for very many hours to come. The half hours and the hours strike, and the majority against Mr. Solon Smith increases. He trembles, at length, for the stability of his country, seeing how Englishmen who call themselves enlightened, and are boastful of the depth and righteousness of their judgments, can meet together, and when they have to decide a case that to the legal and the logical mind is clear as daylight, not to say plain as a pikestaff, nevertheless concur in an obviously wrong conclusion. They have had, moreover, the full benefit of Mr. Solon Smith's lucid summary. He has been at the trouble of pointing out to them the value of each bit of evidence for and against the prisoner. One would have thought that, after clear and impartial elaboration like this, men could not go astray. Yet there lies one benighted juror, snoring, undisturbed by any qualms of conscience, while another child of error, who will not be converted, is eating sandwiches.

Mr. Solon Smith, having failed to mould the judgment of his fellow-jurymen to his own liking, appealed to their hearts. He had said to himself, "these men err through ignorance, and not through want of feeling." But his pathos was as fruitless as his logic.

How many times has not Mr. Solon Smith found himself in this predicament, and how often have not dismissed jurymen, walking off arm-in-arm, said to one another,

"That man, Solon Smith, is the most obstinate, I will even go so far as to say the most pig-headed, fellow I ever came across."

B. J.

## ALL HALLOWS EVE.

WE are much too enlightened to believe in fairies nowadays. Brownies, pixies, gnomes, elves, and all the smaller representatives of the semi-spiritual world, have vanished with that superior wisdom supposed peculiarly to belong to "the nineteenth century." We laugh at love-spells, charms, and philtres; sneer at the ceremonies which have died out even in far-off country districts; and find a wholesome corrective for assumed witchcraft and fortune-telling in the "skilley" of the gaul and the uncongenial occupation of the oakum-room. As becomers our higher intelligence, the recognition of the supernatural has developed into a new phase, illustrative alike of the intellectual conditions of which we are accustomed to boast and of that growth of true religion which is the best antidote to unworthy superstition and miserable credulity. Not from "the little people" do we anticipate any peculiar benefit; no brownie industriously plies the churn or the distaff for the farmer's wife who leaves him food upon the supper-table; no responsive forecast of a future lover or husband is found to the dumb question addressed to the unseen world by the country lass who tries the spell of nut, or cake, or midnight tryst; seldom does a farmer believe in the evil eye which lames his horse or stops the milk from the dun cow. Only amongst the very ignorant are the revelations of the cards held in respect; and the wise women are suspected of having an eye to the spoons whenever they make their appearance in the kitchen. It is in the drawing-room that the modern exponent of the spiritual and the supernatural reveals himself. Well dressed, glib, of countenance unmoved, and with an utterance which has in it the twang that bespeaks his 'cute origin, he is received by those more cultivated minds who assemble at his request to hold communion with the unseen.

Only let him make high terms, declare that he is a "passive instrument," and charge a guinea, or more, a head, and the great minds of the age will flock to him eagerly. What are the fabled stories of elves, and warlocks, and all the ghostly entities that live only in the imaginations of crackbrained peasants or ignorant hirelings to the wonders presented by his "passive instrumentality"? Has any one of the company lost a dear friend—father, brother, son—let him call upon him to come from that "better land" to which it was believed in humble trust that he had departed, and he will probably come and rap ill-spelled jocularities on a table or play a nigger melody on a three-and-sixpenny accordion.

Has anybody hung with painful solicitude over the changing face of one whose death seemed to leave the whole world blank, and yet, in that darkest hour of humanity, been cheered with the hope that to something higher, better, nobler we shall follow those who have trodden the dark valley before us? Let him ask the "medium"—hardy of face, lithe of limb, and glib, not to say impious, of utterance—and he will find that on an odious corkscrew, propelled by combined magnetic force into the upper strata of the atmosphere, departed spirits are caught, and come down to manifest (to believers) the immortality of the soul by means of a spiritual pinch of the leg, or may confidently be expected to find relief by indulging in a broken and meaningless conversation (admitted to be sometimes full of untruths), or may play off a series of poor practical jokes, unworthy even of the ruler of the great North American federation.

This, then, is the modern phase of the supernatural, with all its high and holy influences in reference to religion and a future state; and we would commend to the attention of so-called fortune-tellers the prospects they might enjoy if they would only consent to become "passive instruments," and allow the spirits to foretell events, by which course they would at the same time secure a handsome competency and escape the penalties of the law.

Notwithstanding the proper degree of reverence for modern discoveries, however, we may be pardoned for cherishing some recollections of those old customs which, ere they were superseded, gained (as they do still in some parts of the world) popular credence and very common observance.

If there was one night in all the year to which mankind may be said to have been *en rapport* with the unseen it was assuredly on Hallowe'en, for on that night of the 31st of October, which formerly closed the festivity of the harvest and was the last joyful feast of the ecclesiastical year, supernatural influences asserted their power, and, as spirits disembodied and otherwise were supposed to walk abroad, divination became comparatively easy.

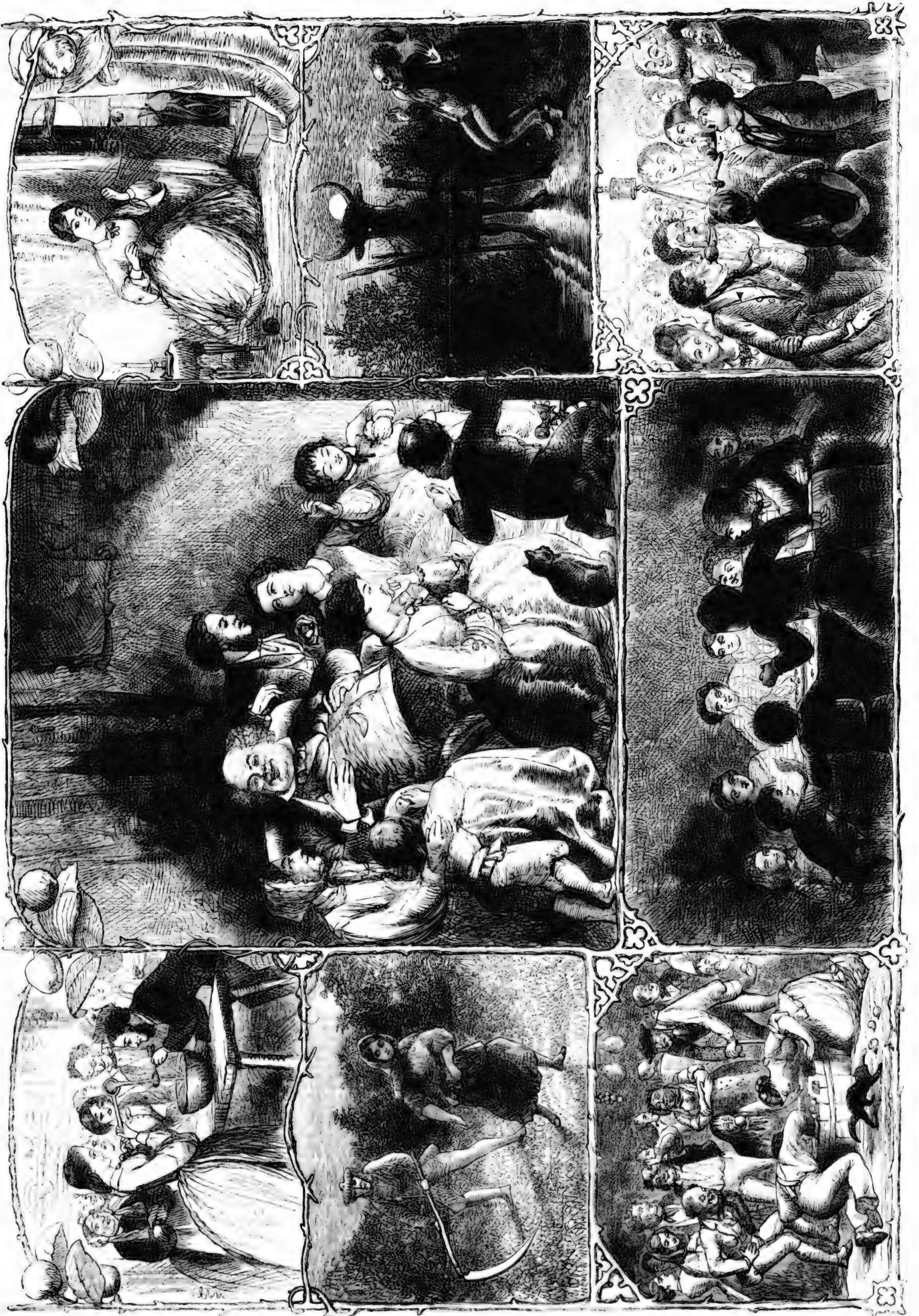
Throughout Great Britain and Ireland the spells and incantations which belong to Hallowe'en have been believed and practised, and it is scarcely surprising that the two fruits which come to perfection at the end of harvest should play an important part in all these observances. Nuts and apples are essential to all such trials as belong particularly to this festival, and the name of "Nut-crack night," by which Hallowe'en is known in the north of England, indicates the predominance of the former of these in the entertainment. The nuts are placed on the bars of the grate or in the embers, one nut being named after the girl and the other after her lover. If the nut jumps away, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the fair sorceress, and if both burn together, they will be married. Burns in his poem of Hallowe'en has made much of this spell; and our readers will remember how in "The Vicar of Wakefield" the farmer's family "religiously cracked nuts on All Hallow's Eve."

Gay thus describes the rustic sacrifice:—

Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,  
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;  
This with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,  
That in a flame of brightest colour blazed:  
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow,  
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow!

The apple-paring (as everybody knows) when thrown over the left shoulder will form the first letter of the lover's name; but the apples were used for a more robust sport by being set swimming in a tub of water, in which resolute lads ducked their heads in order to seize





HALLOWEEN.





TWELVE A.M.: LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY.

the fruit with their teeth, some of the competitors cleverly sucking up the pipkin from the surface, while others, more determined, pressed a large and tempting specimen to the bottom of the tub and brought it up triumphantly. Another game was, to suspend from the ceiling a stick having a lighted candle at one end and an apple at the other, the competitors for the fruit having their hands tied, and bobbing at the prize with their mouths—an operation the fun of which consisted in the probability of their receiving the candle in their face.

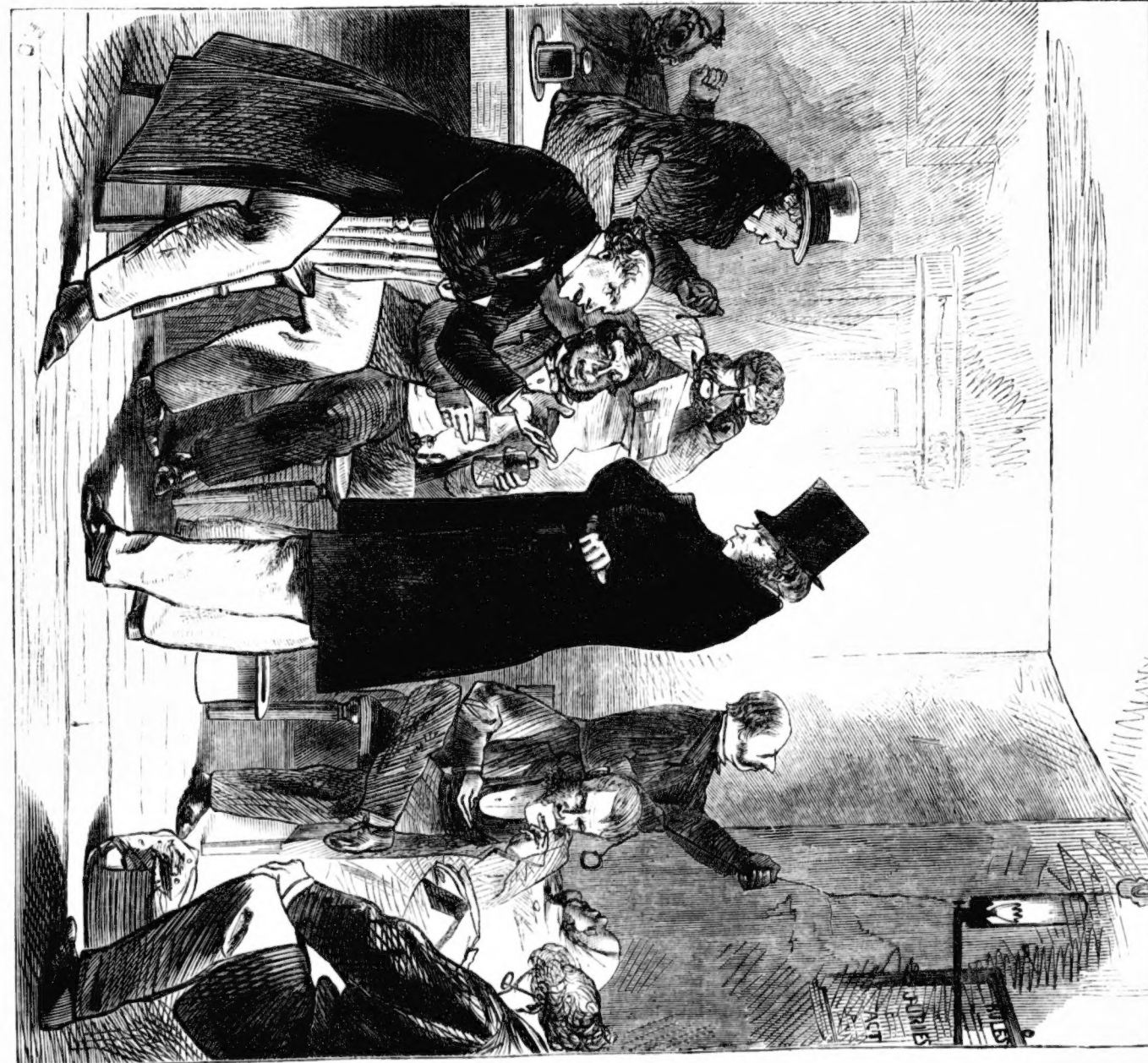
In Scotland some of the young people go out hand-in-hand, blindfolded, into the "kailyard," or garden, and each pulls the first stalk which he meets with. They then return to the fireside to inspect their prizes. According as the stalk is big or little, straight or crooked, so shall the future wife or husband be of the party by whom it is pulled. The quantity of earth sticking to the root denotes the amount of fortune or dowry, and the taste of the pith, or "custoc," indicates the temper. Finally, the stalks are placed, one after another, over the door, and the Christian names of the persons who chance thereafter to enter the house are held in the same succession to indicate those of the individuals whom the parties are to marry.

Another ceremony is to place upon the hearth three dishes—one empty, and the others containing, respectively clean and dirty water. To these the party (being blindfolded) advance in succession and dip their fingers into one of the three. If they dip into the clean water, they are to marry a maiden; if into the foul water, a widow; if into the empty dish, the party so dipping is destined to be either a bachelor or an old maid. As each person takes his turn, the position of the dishes is changed.

To eat the cake, or the salt-egg, that you may dream of your true lover and future spouse, is also a custom of Halloween, it being believed that the person who in your dream brings water to allay your thirst is the destined individual. To these more sportive ceremonies were formerly added others of a more terrible character, such as the celebrated spell of eating an apple before a looking-glass, with a view of discovering the inquirer's future husband, who will, it is believed, be seen peeping over the shoulder. But what says the old grandam in Burns's song:—

Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!  
Great cause ye hae to fear it;  
For mony a ane has gotten a fright,  
And lived and died delirious,  
On sic a night.

Again, there is the spell of the wet sleeve, in which the person using the charm wets a shirt-sleeve or the feminine equivalent to that portion of attire, and, hanging it to the fire to dry, lies in bed watching it till midnight, when the future partner for life will come



TWELVE P.M.: THE OBSTINATE JEREMIAN.

and turn the sleeve. This is also done with cakes baking in the ember. Other rites for the invocation of spirits might be referred to, such as running three times round the stack at midnight, the sowing of hempsed, and the winnowing of three weeks of nothing—i.e., repeating three times the action of exposing corn to the wind. In all of these the effect sought to be produced is the same—the appearance of the future husband or wife of the experimenter. A full description of them will be found in Burns's well-known poem.

### COMMUNICATION IN RAILWAY TRAINS.

The murder of Mr. Briggs by Miller and other occurrences of a disagreeable kind in railway carriages having drawn attention to the means of communicating between the passengers and guard and engine-drivers of trains, Mr. Charles William Allen, postmaster, Huddersdon, Leeds, has



invented a new or improved system of mechanism for accomplishing this desirable end. The invention, of which we publish an illustration, consists simply of a pair of arms or shutters, fitted with springs and affixed to the outside of each compartment of a railway carriage, which are held in their positions by a rod passing over the seat. This rod is made sufficiently strong to prevent any person injuring the signal, which, when required in case of accident or otherwise, needs only to be moved in any direction, when the arm or shutter above referred to is immediately disengaged, and stands out at right angles to the side of the carriage, so that it can readily be seen by the driver in front or by the guard at the rear of the train.

Again: In the event of the guard not perceiving the signal, and a train arriving at a station, the fact of the signal being disengaged at once attracts the attention of the porters, &c., on the platform, who will prevent any person leaving that particular compartment until inquiry has been made as to the cause of the signal being used. Also in the case of a train passing a station, any servant of the company observing the signal standing out, at once telegraphs to the next station, where the train will be stopped and the cause ascertained. It will of course be necessary to pass a by-law making it a misdemeanour to use the signal without sufficient cause.

Among other advantages claimed for this invention is the readiness with which the guard can ascertain where he is required; also the entire absence of any attachment requiring to be made in making up or altering a train, every compartment being complete within itself.

This arrangement can at once be adapted to any class of railway carriage, and the only alteration required will be in the present mode of lighting. Instead of placing the lamp in the middle of the carriage, it will in this case be situated at the side, and a glazed opening will be made to allow the light to be reflected on both sides of the shutter or arm when disengaged, thus showing the signal at night as readily as in the daytime.

## FINE ARTS.

### THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT THE NEW WATER-COLOUR GALLERY.

We should like to see settled a question which has often presented itself to our mind. We want to see it clearly ascertained whether, taking into consideration the difference in the number of purchasers in town, the winter exhibitions are not better as selling exhibitions than the summer ones. Judging from our own feelings, we should say they were. We turn out of the chill, dark London streets into 53, Pall-mall, and in another minute we are back again in summer, wandering by a woodland brook with Creswick, tossing on a sunset sea with Hayes, beneath green boughs with Shalders, by a quiet pool with Goodall, or under a glowing Venetian sky with Cooke. At no time do we feel more strongly that "thorn in the flesh" of the critic, the longing to carry off and make our own these delightful reminiscences of nature.

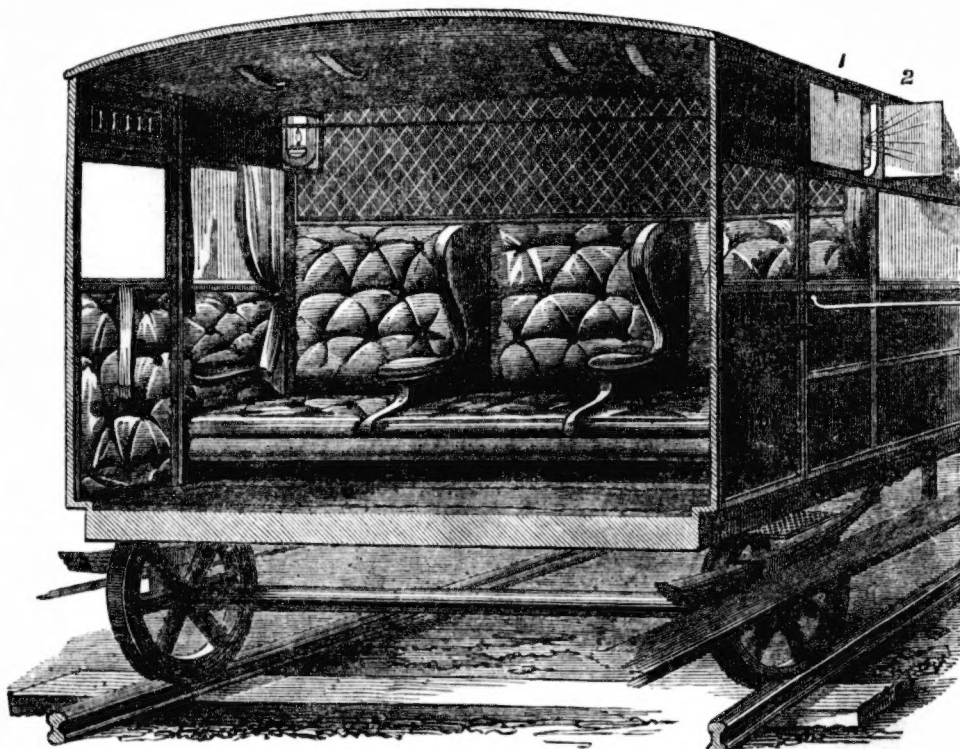
The present collection, we believe, is Mr. Fitzpatrick's first public exhibition; and we trust, for the sake of art and many promising young artists, that the encouragement he will receive from the public will induce him to continue in the good work. He has upwards of a hundred and fifty pictures here, which, with but few exceptions, are well deserving not only of a visit, but of earnest study.

A Spanish girl, "Pepita" (68), by Mr. Phillip, is one of the first pictures to attract attention. It is painted in his best style, and the figure is exquisitely posed. A lustrous black cloak contrasts admirably with the bright gown; and the rich complexion of the olive beauty,

Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
That many a glowing kiss had won,

is painted with great transparency and truth. Continuing a review of the figure-paintings in the collection, we find a very good specimen of Mr. Sant's style, "Love's Young Dream" (16), with some masterly painting of flesh, and a graceful arrangement. The Blenheim in the young dreamer's lap is cleverly dashed in, but has a little too much of the loose facility with which at times this clever artist contents himself. "The Sailor's Wife" (106) of Mr. MacIse has all his faults and few of his merits; it is hard, flat, and dirty, and the boughs of lilac are as stiff as if they had been studied from artificial flowers. Mr. Goodall is represented by two figure-subjects—"Neapolitan Peasants Crossing a Stream" (69), in which we cannot help thinking he has been too obliging, and lengthened his horse a little more than is natural, to accommodate a couple of riders; and a little picture (unnumbered when we visited the gallery) of three little children playing on a slope of broken ground. It is not until we have done admiring the thorough truth and nature of this exquisite little picture that we are able to see how much is due to the artistic feeling and consummate skill which groups the figures.

We are glad to find in Mr. Barnes, who has several pictures here, an artist of great promise, and shall look to see him achieve a high place. The great stride he has made from No. 9—evidently an early picture—to his other works here exhibited should be most encouraging to him. The "Pet Kitten" (97) is perhaps the best of his paintings in the collection. The child's figure is admirable, and the treatment and handling is conscientious without being laboured. The weak point in this (as in No. 87, which is otherwise admirable) is the head of the principal figure, which is hardly equal. This is the more curious, because in No. 22 Mr. Barnes has shown how well he can render expression in a most lifelike and beautiful little head. Another young artist from whom we shall expect greater things is Mr. Wighton, whose "Will You Buy?" (32) is a bit of homely truth honestly painted, and is far more touching in its simplicity than many flashy, obtrusive renderings of the same story that we have seen. The handling is meritorious, the texture of the shawl and ragged, but not too ragged, dress of the girl is capably indicated. Mr. Henley has a pleasing little picture of a knitting-girl (93), and Mr. Morris a clever study of an Egyptian girl (3). Mr. Hall's "Connoisseur" (10) is quaint and humorous in design, but we should imagine that his hand had failed to quite carry out the conception of his brain; nevertheless, the girl's figure is arch, and



NEW OR IMPROVED ARRANGEMENT OR MECHANISM FOR COMMUNICATING BETWEEN ANY PASSENGER AND THE GUARD AND ENGINE-DRIVER OF A RAILWAY TRAIN.

nicely painted. Mr. Wyburd's "Life in Acadie" (90) we took occasion to commend at the Royal Academy.

There are two pictures by Mr. Nicholls which must not be overlooked—an Irish lass, saucy and light-hearted, "On the Road to Market" (101), and a jovial cavalier with a "Cup of Sack" (146). The colouring, perhaps, leaves something to be desired.

Monsieur Girardot's "Vicar of Wakefield" (33), not being the English Vicar, does not please us so much as his charming scene from "She Stoops to Conquer" (154). In drawing, colour, and composition this picture is admirable, and the coy, shrinking grace of Miss Hardcastle's figure we have seldom seen equalled. Mr. Johnston's "Robin Adair" (127) is a picture that deserves a niche beside the last-mentioned one; we have spoken of its merits when it first appeared at the Royal Academy. We may also bracket with these Monsieur Serrure's "Chessplayers" (62), well composed and forcibly painted, and Monsieur Laby's "Flight into Egypt" (34), which is full of nice feeling.

Mrs. Ward's "Tower" (36) is cleverly painted in the minor details, but would be better if she had accommodated the imprisoned Prince with a body as well as head and legs. Mr. Ward's "Execution of Montrose" (114) is somewhat marred by the execution of Mr. Ward.

A clever head (54) by Miss Sandys—is she in any way connected with Mr. F. Sandys, one of the best artists of our day?—and a sketch of a Jewish mother and child (168), by Miss Solomon—which we like far better than "Consolation" (14)—and a beautiful face in No. 126, must be contented with a passing mention. Mr. Cooman's "Sappho" (138) is fine; but why did he spoil No. 25 by that cold, hard, crude, green drapery? We must not forget "The Rendezvous" (145), by Egg, which is nice, though a little affected.

Messrs. Bonheur, Verboekhoven, Cooper, and Aster Corbould have paintings of animals here for which we have said all that we need say when we tell our readers that they are in the same style and of the usual excellence to be expected from these artists.

Of "Oyster-Dredging" (No. 13) we can only say that, though it is net fishing, there is a decided, but not happy, inclination towards Hook about it. To the child in No. 23 we could say, with Hamlet,

Thou pray'st not well.

No. 26 is nothing more than a representation of the British snob amusing himself, and "Mamma's Pet" suggests by its number a rhyme which accurately describes its painting, the number being 30. The "Fern Gatherer" (75) is fat and flat, and No. 60 is simply ludicrous.

In landscape, we have first of all a delicious beck (29) by Creswick; a fine view on the Lagues (41), by Cooke—a splendid effect; and Mr. Redgrave's "Make up your Mind" (132), which we have done long ago, and the opinion at which we arrived was that he had much better have omitted the figures. There is also a cathedral interior (132) by Roberts, a good specimen; and another interior (20) by Goodall. But Mr. Goodall's "Quiet Pool" (63), with the cows drinking and the children wreathing water-lilies, is more to our liking. There are few artists who can give as subtle a charm, as deep a feeling of nature, to their landscapes.

Mr. Boddington's two pictures are exceedingly good, the "View in Wales" (135) being more particularly praiseworthy. There are also two little views (122, 124) by Mr. Walton which are faithful transcripts of English scenery, and several landscapes by Mr. Smith (who has, by-the-way, a capital figure-subject in No. 80).

It is quite a treat to look at one of Mr. Hayes's sea-pieces, they are so briny! His "Cantay Bay" (24) is especially remarkable for the dash and form of the water. No artist has more carefully studied the wave under all its aspects. "Riding out the Gale" (14) is an instance in point of what we are saying. In "Towing out of Port" (71) we have a thorough realisation of the long swell after the gale is over.

There are also some very fine sea-pieces by Mr. Danby, the best being "Staines Castle" (63); and Mr. Mogford contributes "The Arrival of the Mail at Southampton" (60), which is simply unsurpassable for its vivid reality and masterly rendering of still water under peculiar conditions. The boat positively stands out from the canvas, and we listen instinctively for the dull sound of the oar in the rowlock. Mr. Melby has two marine-pieces (108, 118), which are very meritorious, "Rough Weather in the Bay of Biscay" more particularly.

Mr. Hulme, Mr. Hering, Mr. Shalders, and Mr. Branwhite are here in full force, and three representatives of the Linnell family, all exhibiting the same mannerisms, but all in a greater or less degree showing admirable qualities, which make us almost forget the faults. Let our readers give a special study to No. 117, "Windor Forest," by Mr. Linnell, senior, which has some charming passages in it. We may add to this list the names of Mr. B. Willis and Mr. G. A. Williams, who are both well represented.

Mr. George Stanfield exhibits two pictures (137, 139), which are no discredit to the honoured name he bears, and give evidence of the genius which he inherits from one whose works have long been the pride of English art.

Mr. Burke's "Knockle Beach" (39) renders a telling effect of sunset with considerable force; and there is in Mr. Hargett's "Spring Time" (84) a vigour and poetic feeling that should be the harbinger of great success; but the promise is not sustained in the other pictures by the same artist exhibited here. Mr. Percy's pictures, as usual, are marked by that metallic purple in which he at times runs riot. A landscape (42) by Mr. John Burr is clever, but a little mannered.

Altogether, the collection is an admirable one; and we can only conclude by repeating our hope that so excellent an exhibition will meet with enough public encouragement to justify its being repeated in years to come.

## OPERA AND CONCERTS.

MR. HARRISON has issued his programme for Her Majesty's Theatre. It presents many points of novelty, and, to begin with, announces the engagement of a comedy or farce company, who are to play small comedies and farces before the operatic performances of the evening commence. Thus, on Monday next, the opening night of the season, a piece by Mr. Maddison Morton, called "You Know Who," will be represented (principal characters by Mr. George Honey, Miss Bufton, and Mr. Rouse); after which, an English version of "La Traviata" is to be produced, with Mdlle. Kenneth as Violetta, Mr. Swift as Alfredo, and Mr. Garcia as Germont. There was sure to be some difficulty about naturalising "La Traviata" on English soil. "La Dame aux Camélias" is, we believe, proscribed in its original form; but, put into verse and set to music, the censorship tolerates it. The virtuous public, however, would in all probability not tolerate it if the piece were called by its proper English name; and, all things considered, it is just as well to present it at Her Majesty's Theatre under its Italian title.

We should like to know in what country the scene of this new version of "La Traviata" is supposed to be laid. In the Italian version the action, as in "La Dame aux Camélias," takes place at Paris, though, for the convenience of the composer and singers, the proper names are Italianised. At Her Majesty's Theatre the language of the piece will be English, while the names of the principal characters are given in Italian—in spite of which we have no doubt that the place of action will still be Paris. Indeed, there is an absurd chorus in the last act of "La Traviata" in which that celebrated Parisian character *le boeuf gras* is introduced. On the other hand, the father of Alfredo, in his air of the second act, reminds the young man of his native Provence and of its admirable seacoast; and it is quite possible that the Germonts, father and son, may have belonged to some place in the vicinity of Nice. They might thus be Italian in an ethnological and French in a political sense. For our part, as long as they keep in tune, we care very little what nationality claims them; but, singing in the English language, we still think that Violetta ought to call her Alfredo, Alfred.

"La Traviata" is to be played on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday "Faust" will be represented, when Miss Louisa Pyne will appear for the first time as Margarita. Mr. Sims Reeves will take the part of Faust; a new baritone, Signor Marchesi, that of Mephistophiles (where, then, is Mr. Santley?); and Miss Cotterell (new to the operatic stage, but already favourably known by her singing in various burlesques) that of the weak-minded Siebel, who, by-the-way, is to Faust much what Don Ottavio is to Don Giovanni.

The musical conductor during the English, as during the Italian, season at Her Majesty's Theatre will be Signor Ardit.

The Italian performances at Her Majesty's call for no particular notice. The great attraction in each has been Mdlle. Titiens, who has appeared during the last fortnight in "Fidelio," "Lucresia Borgia," "Norma," &c., and who appears to-night, for the last time, in "Fidelio."

At Mr. Howard Glover's last concert (which began at one, and at which "the beginning of the end" did not seem to have commenced at five) Mr. Charles Hallé and the orchestra played Beethoven's concerto in C minor; the graceful young pianist, Mdlle. Mariot de Beauvoisin, played a couple of fantasias (being enthusiastically encored after the performance of the first—that of Liszt, on airs from "Le Prophète"); Mr. Blagrove played a polonaise of Mayseider's on the violin; and more songs, duets, trios, and concerted pieces were sung than we should care to count. Several new English singers (new, at least, to us) took part in the concert, and much applause was gained by a very promising tenor—Mr. Trelawny Cobham—who sang "Let me like a soldier fall" (from "Maritana") with great effect, and who was afterwards to have given the air from "La Juive," "Dieu que ma voix!" Among the established favourites who contributed as vocalists to the entertainment we may mention Mdlle. Grossi, the admirable contralto, who made her debut during the summer season at Her Majesty's Theatre, Miss Huddart, Mdlle. Lancia, Mdlle. Liebhart, &c. Such a long concert as this required six conductors, of whom Mr. Benedict was the chief.

## MR. BRIGHT ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE following letter was recently sent by Mr. John Bright, M.P., to Mr. Horace Greeley, of New York:—

Rockdale, Oct. 1, 1864.

Dear Sir,—For more than three years the people of this country have watched with a constant interest the progress of the great conflict in which your people have been engaged; and, as you know, some have rejoiced over the temporary successes of the enemies of your Government, and some have deeply lamented over them.

At this moment we turn our eyes rather to the political than to the military struggle, and there is with us the same difference of opinion and of sympathy as regards your coming presidential election that has been manifested in connection with your contest in the field.

All those of my countrymen who have wished well to the rebellion, who have hoped for the break up of your Union, who have preferred to see a Southern slave empire rather than a restored and free Republic, so far as I can observe, are now in favour of the election of General McClellan. All those who have deplored the calamities which the leaders of secession have brought upon your country, who believe that slavery weakens your power and tarnishes your good name throughout the world, and who regard the restoration of your Union as a thing to be desired and prayed for by all good men—so far as I can judge—are heartily longing for the re-election of Mr. Lincoln. Every friend of your Union, probably, in Europe—every speaker and writer who has sought to do justice to your cause since the war began—is now hoping with an intense anxiety that Mr. Lincoln may be placed at the head of your Executive for another term.

It is not because they think Mr. Lincoln to be wiser or better than all other men on your continent, but they think they have observed in his career a grand simplicity of purpose, and a patriotism which knows no change, and which does not falter. To some of his countrymen there may appear to have been some errors in his course. It would be strange, indeed, if, in the midst of difficulties so stupendous and so unexpected, any Administration or any ruler should wholly avoid mistakes. To us, looking on from this distance, and unmoved by the passions from which many of your people can hardly be expected to be free, regarding his presidential path with the calm judgment which belongs rather to history than to the present time—as our outside position enables us, in some degree, to regard it—we see in it an honest endeavour faithfully to do the work of his great office, and, in the doing of it, a brightness of personal honour on which no adversary has yet been able to fix a stain.

I believe that the effect of Mr. Lincoln's re-election in England and in Europe, and indeed throughout the world, will be this: It will convince all men that the integrity of your great country will be preserved, and it will show that republican institutions, with an instructed and patriotic people, can bear a nation safely and steadily through the most desperate perils.

I am one of your friends in England who have never lost faith in your cause. I have spoken to my countrymen on its behalf; and now, in writing this letter to you, I believe I speak the sentiments and the heart's wish of every man in England who hopes for the freedom and greatness of your country.

Forgive me for this intrusion upon you; but I cannot hold back from telling you what is passing in my mind, and I wish, if possible, to send you a word of encouragement.—Believe me always, with great respect, yours very truly,

JOHN BRIGHT.

THE CANADIAN CONFERENCE has decided on recommending the confederation scheme for the adoption of the existing Parliament without direct reference to the public.

THE CHIEF OF THE GANG WHICH ATTACKED THE SWISS MAIL lately has been arrested at Milan. His name is Gianotti, and he is described as a most athletic man, who offered a desperate resistance to the officer who arrested him.

THE FLORIDA, Confederate cruiser, has been captured at Bahia by the Federal frigate Wachusett. One account states that the Florida was cut out from beneath the guns of the Brazilian forts, and that her commander was on shore at the time.

THE PROFITS resulting from the sale of Mr. Banting's pamphlet on cor-pulence, amounting to £171 3s. 2d., have been divided by the author between the Printers' Pension Society, the Royal Hospital for Incurables, the British Home for Incurables, and the National Orthopaedic Hospital.







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**APPROACHING DIVISION OF PROFITS.**  
The Seventh Division of the Company's Profits is appointed to be made at Nov. 15, 1865, and all policies now effected will participate. The Fund to be divided will be the Profits which have arisen since Nov. 15, 1860.  
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Annual Income, £195,771.  
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4937	1824	£ 205 13 4	£ 4000
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5795	1825	£ 157 1 8	£ 5000
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